

TERMS : \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

20 cts. per Single Copy.

Vol. III.

APRIL, 1885.

No. 8.

SOUTHERN

BIVOUAC



THE EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' ORGAN,

— PUBLISHED AT LOUISVILLE, KY. —

PRINTED BY THE COURIER-JOURNAL JOB PRINTING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Entered at the Post-office Louisville, Ky., as second-class matter

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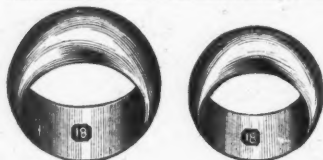
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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUC.

VOL. III.


APRIL, 1885.

No. 8.

[For the BIVOUC.]

## CHEATHAM'S STORY OF SPRING HILL.

Read before the Southern Historical Association, Louisville, Kentucky.

N pursuance of orders from army headquarters, my command crossed Duck river on the morning of the 29th of November, 1864, the division of Major-General Cleburne in advance, followed by that of Major-General Bate, the division of Major-General Brown in the rear. The march was made as rapidly as the condition of the roads would allow, and without occurrence of note, until about three o'clock p. m., when I arrived at Rutherford's creek, two and one-half miles from Spring Hill. At this point General Hood gave me verbal orders

as follows: That I should get Cleburne across the creek and send him forward toward Spring Hill, with instructions to communicate with General Forrest, who was near the village, ascertain from him the position of the enemy, and attack immediately; that I should remain at the creek, assist General Bate in crossing his division, and then go forward and put Bate's command in to support Cleburne; and that he would push Brown forward to join me.

As soon as the division of General Bate had crossed the creek, I rode forward, and, at a point on the road about one and a half miles from Spring Hill, I saw the left of Cleburne's command just disappearing over a hill to the left of the road. Halting here I waited a few minutes for the arrival of Bate, and formed his command with his right upon the position of Cleburne's left, and ordered him forward to the support of Cleburne. Shortly after Bate's division had disappeared over the same range of hills, I heard firing toward Cleburne's right, and just then General Brown's division had come up. I thereupon ordered Brown to proceed to the right, turn the range of hills over which Cleburne and Bate had crossed, and to form line of battle and attack to the right of Cleburne. The division of General Brown was in motion to

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execute this order, when I received a message from Cleburne that his right brigade had been struck in the flank by the enemy and had suffered severely, and that he had been compelled to fall back and reform his division with a change of front.

It so happened that the direction of Cleburne's advance was such as had exposed his right flank to the enemy's line. When his command was formed on the road by which he had marched from Rutherford's creek, neither the village of Spring Hill nor the turnpike could be seen. Instead of advancing directly upon Spring Hill his forward movement was a little south of west and almost parallel with the turnpike toward Columbia, instead of north-west upon the enemy's lines south and east of the village.

General Cleburne was killed in the assault upon Franklin the next day, and I had no opportunity to learn from him how it was that the error of direction occurred.

Meanwhile, General Bate, whom I had placed in position on the left of Cleburne's line of march, continued to move forward in the same direction until he had reached the farm of N. F. Cheairs, one and a half miles south of Spring Hill.

After Brown had reached the position indicated to him and had formed a line of battle, he sent to inform me that it would be certain disaster for him to attack, as the enemy's line extended beyond his right several hundred yards. I sent word to him to throw back his right brigade and make the attack. I had already sent couriers after General Bate to bring him back and direct him to join Cleburne's left. Going to the right of my line, I found Generals Brown and Cleburne, and the latter reported that he had reformed his division. I then gave orders to Brown and Cleburne that, as soon as they could connect their lines, they should attack the enemy, who were then in sight; informing them at the same time that General Hood had just told me that Stewart's column was close at hand, and that General Stewart had been ordered to go to my right and place his command across the pike. I furthermore said to them that I would go myself and see that General Bate was placed in position to connect with them, and immediately rode to the left of my line for that purpose.

During all this time I had met and talked with General Hood repeatedly, our field headquarters being not over one hundred yards apart. After Cleburne's repulse I had been along my line, and had seen that Brown's right was outflanked several hundred yards. I had urged General Hood to hurry up Stewart and place him on my right, and had received from him the assurance that this would be done;

and this assurance, as before stated, I had communicated to Generals Cleburne and Brown.

When I returned from my left, where I had been to get Bate in position, and was on the way to the right of my line, it was dark ; but I intended to move forward with Cleburne and Brown and make the attack, knowing that Bate would be in position to support them. Stewart's column had already passed by on the way toward the turnpike, and I presumed he would be in position on my right.

On reaching the road where General Hood's field headquarters had been established I found a courier with a message from General Hood requesting me to come to him at Captain Thompson's house, about one and a fourth miles back on the road to Rutherford's creek. I found General Stewart with General Hood. The commanding general there informed me that he had concluded to wait until the morning, and then directed me to hold my command in readiness to attack at daylight.

I was never more astonished than when General Hood informed me that he had concluded to postpone the attack till daylight. The road was still open—orders to remain quiet until morning—and nothing to prevent the enemy from marching to Franklin.

About eleven o'clock that night General Hood sent Major-General Johnson, whose division had marched in rear of Stewart's corps, to report to me. I directed Major Bostick, of my staff, to place Johnson on my extreme left.

About midnight Major Bostick returned and reported that he had been near to the turnpike, and could hear straggling troops passing northward. While he was talking about this to Colonel Porter, my chief of staff, a courier from headquarters brought a note from Major Mason, to the effect that General Hood had just learned that stragglers were passing along the road in front of my left, and "the commanding general says you had better order your picket line to fire on them." Upon reading the note I ordered Major Bostick to return to General Johnson, whose command was on my left and nearest the pike, and say to him that he must take a brigade, or, if necessary, his whole division, and go on to the pike and cut off anything that might be passing. Major Bostick afterward informed me that General Johnson commenced complaining bitterly at having been "loaned out," and asked why General Cheatham did not order one of his own divisions to go in ; but at length ordered his horse and rode with Major Bostick close up to the turnpike, where they found everything quiet and no one passing. General Johnson came with Major Bostick to my quarters,

and informed me of what they had done. It was now about two o'clock on the morning of the 30th.

This suggestion that I had better order my pickets to fire upon stragglers passing in front of my left was the only order, if that can be called an order, that I received from General Hood after leaving him at his quarters early in the night, when he had informed me of his determination to wait until daylight to attack the enemy.



*E. C. Walthall*

What reason General Stewart gave for not reaching the turnpike, I do not know. As I have already stated, General Hood said to me repeatedly, when I met him between four and six o'clock in the afternoon, "Stewart will be here in a few minutes." Stewart's column did not come up until about dark.

General Stewart says he was at Rutherford's creek before General Brown's division crossed that stream. He, also, says that General Hood there ordered him to form line of battle on the south side of the creek, and that he was not allowed to move thence until dusk. If General Stewart had followed Brown he would have been in position on my right, across the turnpike, before dark. That he would have executed an order to make such disposition of his command, no one who knows

that officer will doubt; and he would have done it in the darkness of midnight as surely and as certainly as in the day.

General Hood wrote what he supposed would be accepted as history. Truth and justice to myself demand a brief review of certain statements made by him.

General Hood writes:

"Since I had attempted this same movement on the 22d of July, and had been unable to secure its success, I resolved to go in person at the head of the advance brigade, and lead the army to Spring Hill. \* \* \* I rode with my staff to Cheatham's right, passed over the (pontoon) bridge soon after day-break, and moved forward at the head of Granberry's Texas brigade of Cleburne's division."<sup>\*</sup>

Lowry's, not Granberry's, brigade of Cleburne's division was in front. General Lowry states that General Hood rode with him a large part of the day.

"During the March the Federal cavalry appeared on the hills to our left; not a moment, however, was lost on that account, as the army was marching by the right flank, and was prepared to face at any instant in their direction. No attention, therefore, was paid to the enemy, save to throw out a few sharpshooters in his front."<sup>†</sup>

General John C. Brown states that, "at or near Bear creek the commanding general, apprehending an attack on our left flank, ordered your (Cheatham's) corps, in its march from that point, to move in two parallel columns, so that it could come instantly into action in two lines of battle." General Brown's division marched "five or six miles through fields and woods, and over rough ground" some four hundred yards to the right of the road, necessarily causing more or less delay. General Brown further states that "about the commencement of this movement, or soon afterward, by the orders of the commanding general in person, the whole of Gist's, and about one-half of Strahl's, brigade were detached for picket duty."

"Thus I led the main body of the army to within about two miles, and in full view of the pike from Columbia to Spring Hill and Franklin. I here halted about three P. M., and requested General Cheatham, commanding the leading corps, and Major-General Cleburne to advance to the spot where, sitting upon my horse, I had in sight the enemy's wagons and men passing at double quick along the Franklin pike. As these officers approached, I spoke to Cheatham in the following words, which I quote almost verbatim, as they have remained indelibly engraved upon my memory ever since that fatal day: 'General, do you see the enemy there, retreating rapidly to escape us?' He answered

\*Advance and Retreat, pages 283, 284.

†Advance and Retreat, page 284.

in the affirmative. 'Go,' I continued, 'with your corps, take possession of and hold that pike at or near Spring Hill. Accept whatever comes, and turn all those wagons over to our side of the house.' Then, addressing Cleburne, I said: 'General, you have heard the orders just given. You have one of my best divisions. Go with General Cheatham, aid him in every way you can, and do as he directs.' Again, as a parting injunction to them, I added: 'Go and do this at once. Stewart is near at hand, and I will have him double-quick his men to the front.'<sup>o</sup>

There is not a bit of truth in this entire paragraph. At the hour named, three P. M., there was no movement of "wagons and men" in the vicinity of Spring Hill. Moreover, from the crossing at Duck river to the point referred to by General Hood, the turnpike was never in view, nor could it be seen until I had moved up to within three-quarters of a mile of Spring Hill. Only a mirage would have made possible the vision which this remarkable statement professes to record.

"They immediately sent staff officers to hurry the men forward, and moved off with the troops at a quick pace in the direction of the enemy. I dispatched several of my staff to the rear, with orders to Stewart and Johnson to make all possible haste. Meantime, I rode to one side and looked on at Cleburne's division, followed by the remainder of Cheatham's corps, as it marched by seemingly ready for battle. Within about one-half hour from the time Cheatham left me, skirmishing began with the enemy, when I rode forward to a point nearer the pike, and again sent a staff officer to Stewart and Johnson to push forward. At the same time I dispatched a messenger to General Cheatham to lose no time in gaining possession of the pike at Spring Hill. It was reported back that he was about to do so."<sup>†</sup>

General Hood conveniently forgot to mention, in his account of this affair, the facts as to his orders to me at Rutherford's creek. And he also forgot that, at the very moment he claims to have sent staff officers to the rear with orders to Stewart and Johnson to make all possible haste, Stewart was forming line of battle on the south side of Rutherford's creek, in pursuance of orders from him; nor did he remember that Stewart's corps was not ordered forward until about dusk.

"I knew no large force of the enemy could be at Spring Hill, as couriers reported Schofield's main body still in front of Lee, at Columbia, up to a late hour in the day. I thought it probable that Cheatham had taken possession of Spring Hill without encountering material opposition, or had formed line across the pike, north of the town, and entrenched without coming into serious contact with the enemy, which would account for the little musketry heard in his direction. However, to ascertain the truth, I sent an officer to ask Cheatham if he held the pike, and to inform him of the arrival of Stewart, whose corps I intended to throw on his left, in order to assail the Federals in flank that even-

<sup>o</sup>Advance and Retreat, pages 284, 285.

<sup>†</sup>Advance and Retreat, page 285.



ing or the next morning, as they approached and formed to attack Cheatham. At this juncture the last messenger returned with the report that the road had not been taken possession of. General Stewart was then ordered to proceed to the right of Cheatham, and place his corps across the pike, north of Spring Hill. By this hour, however, twilight was upon us, when General Cheatham rode up in person. I at once directed Stewart to halt, and, turning to Cheatham, I exclaimed with deep emotion, as I felt the golden opportunity fast slipping from me: "General, why in the name of God have you not attacked the enemy, and taken possession of that pike?" He replied that the line looked a little too long for him, and that Stewart should first form on his right."<sup>\*</sup>

Here, again, General Hood's memory proved treacherous. As to the preliminary statements of this paragraph, I refer to that portion of my account which covers the doings of the hours from four to six P. M., during most of which time General Hood was on the ground and in frequent personal communication with me. The dramatic scene with which he embellishes his narrative of the day's operations only occurred in the imagination of General Hood.

"It was reported to me after this hour that the enemy was marching along the road, almost under the light of the camp-fires of the main body of the army. I sent anew to General Cheatham to know if at least a line of skirmishers could not be advanced in order to throw the Federals in confusion, to delay their march, and allow us a chance to attack in the morning. Nothing was done. \* \* \* I could not succeed in arousing the troops to action, when one good division would have sufficed to do the work. \* \* \* Had I dreamed for one moment that Cheatham would have failed to give battle, or at least to take position across the pike and force the enemy to assault him, I would have ridden myself to the front and led the troops into action."<sup>†</sup>

The next order, in the shape of a suggestion that I had better have my pickets to fire upon straggling troops passing along the pike in front of my left, was received, and was immediately communicated to General Johnson, whose division was on my left and nearest the pike. This note from Major Mason, received about midnight, was the only communication I had from General Hood after leaving him at his quarters at Captain Thompson's:

"In connection with this grave misfortune, I must here record an act of candor and nobility upon the part of General Cheatham, which proves him to be equally generous-hearted and brave. I was, necessarily, much pained by the disappointment suffered, and, a few days later, telegraphed to Richmond to withdraw my previous recommendation for his promotion, and to request that another be assigned to the command of his corps. Before the receipt of a reply, this officer called at my headquarters—then at the residence of Mr. Overton, six miles from Nashville—and, standing in my presence, spoke an honest avowal

<sup>\*</sup>Advance and Retreat, pages 285, 286.

<sup>†</sup>Advance and Retreat, page 287.

of his error, in the acknowledgment that he felt we had lost a brilliant opportunity at Spring Hill to deal the enemy a crushing blow, and that he was greatly to blame. I telegraphed and wrote to the War Department to withdraw my application for his removal, in the belief that, inspired with an ambition to retrieve his shortcoming, he would prove in future doubly zealous in the service of his country."



GENERAL B. F. CHEATHAM

The following are the dispatches above referred to :

" 'HEADQUARTERS, SIX MILES FROM NASHVILLE,  
ON FRANKLIN PIKE, December 7, 1864.

" 'Hon. J. A. Seddon : I withdraw my recommendation in favor of the promotion of Major-General Cheatham, for reasons which I will write more fully.

" ' J. B. HOOD, *General.*'

" 'HEADQUARTERS, SIX MILES FROM NASHVILLE,  
ON FRANKLIN PIKE, December 8, 1864.

" 'Hon. J. A. Seddon, *Secretary of War* ; Gen. G. T. Beauregard, *Macon, Ga.* : A good lieutenant-general should be sent here at once to command the corps now commanded by Major-General Cheatham. I have no one to recommend for the position.

" ' J. B. HOOD, *General.*'

" 'HEADQUARTERS, SIX MILES FROM NASHVILLE,  
ON FRANKLIN, PIKE, December 8, 1864.

" 'Hon. J. A. Seddon : Major-General Cheatham made a failure on the 30th of November, which will be a lesson to him. I think it best he should remain

in his position for the present. I withdraw my telegrams of yesterday and to-day on this subject.

"J. B. HOOD, *General.*"

"On the 11th of December I wrote the Hon. Mr. Seddon : \* \* \* \* \* Major-General Cheatham has frankly confessed the great error of which he was guilty, and attaches much blame to himself. While his error lost so much to the country, it has been a severe lesson to him, by which he will profit in the future. In consideration of this, and of his previous conduct, I think that it is best that he should retain for the present the command he now holds." \* \* \*

In order to make clear what I have to say in this connection I will quote Governor Isham G. Harris:

"Governor Jas. D. Porter :

"DEAR SIR: \* \* \* \* \* General Hood, on the march to Franklin, spoke to me, in the presence of Major Mason, of the failure of General Cheatham to make the right attack at Spring Hill, and censured him in severe terms for his disobedience of orders. Soon after this, being alone with Major Mason, the latter remarked that 'General Cheatham was not to blame about the matter last night. I did not send him the order.' I asked if he had communicated the fact to General Hood. He answered that he had not. I replied that 'it is due General Cheatham that this explanation should be made.' Thereupon Major Mason joined General Hood and gave him the information. Afterward General Hood said to me that he had done injustice to General Cheatham, and requested me to inform him that he held him blameless for the failure at Spring Hill, and on the day following the battle at Franklin I was informed by General Hood that he had addressed a note to General Cheatham assuring him that he did not censure him with the failure to attack.

"Very respectfully, ISHAM G. HARRIS.

"MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, May 20, 1877."

The first intimation made to me, from any source, that my conduct at Spring Hill, on the 29th of November, 1864, or during the night of that day, was the subject of criticism, was the receipt of a note from General Hood, written and received on the morning of the 3d of December. This is the communication referred to in the letter of Governor Harris, above quoted. This note was read, so far as I know, by only four persons besides myself—my chief of staff, James D. Porter, Governor Isham G. Harris, Major J. F. Cummins, of Georgia, and John C. Burch. Not having been in the habit of carrying a certificate of military character, I attached no special value to the paper, and it was lost somewhere during the campaign in North Carolina. Governor Porter and Major Cummins agree with me that the following was the substance of the note :

"DECEMBER 3, 1864.

"MY DEAR GENERAL: I do not censure you for the failure at Spring Hill. I am satisfied you are not responsible for it. I witnessed the splendid manner in

\*Advance and Retreat, pages 289, 290.

which you delivered battle at Franklin on the 30th ult. I now have a higher estimate of you as a soldier than I ever had. You can rely upon my friendship.

"Yours very truly, J. B. HOOD, *General*.

"To General B. F. Cheatham."

On the morning of the 4th of December, I went to the headquarters of General Hood, and, referring to his note and the criticism of my conduct that had evidently been made by some one, I said to him: "A great opportunity was lost at Spring Hill, but you know that I obeyed your orders there, as everywhere, literally and promptly." General Hood not only did not dissent from what I said, but exhibited the most cordial manner, coupled with confidence and friendship. The subject was never again alluded to by General Hood to myself, nor, so far as I know, to any one. When he wrote, under date of December 11, 1864, to Mr. Seddon, that "Major-General Cheatham has frankly confessed the great error of which he was guilty, and attaches much blame to himself," he made a statement for which there was not the slightest foundation.

General Hood concludes this extraordinary chapter of his history of the campaign into Tennessee with some reflections:

"The discovery that the army, after a forward march of one hundred and eighty miles, was still, seemingly, unwilling to accept battle, unless under protection of breastworks, caused me to experience great concern. In my inmost heart, I questioned whether or not I would ever succeed in eradicating this evil."<sup>8</sup>

I have only attempted to state truthfully the events of the period under review. During my service as a soldier under the flag of my country in Mexico, and as an officer of the Confederate armies, I can not recall an instance where I failed to obey an order literally, promptly, and faithfully. Military operations, however well conceived, are not always successful; and I have had my share of failures and disappointments. But I have never found it necessary to seek for a scape-goat to bear my transgressions, nor to maintain my own reputation by aspersions of my subordinates. No chieftain, since the world began, has ever commanded an army of men more confident in themselves, more ready to endure and to dare whatever might be required of them, or more capable of exalted heroism, than that which obeyed the will of their general from Peach Tree creek to Nashville. The army of Tennessee needs no defense against the querulous calumnies which disfigure General Hood's attempt at history.

B. F. CHEATHAM.

PEACH GROVE, TENNESSEE, November 30, 1881.

<sup>8</sup>Advance and Retreat, page 250

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## CONFEDERATE MOONSHINERS.



WILL commence by explaining that I was an officer of engineers, in command of a party detailed to make a topographical survey of the ground occupied by General Grant at Cold Harbor, just back of Gaines' mill, on the Chickahominy river. This survey was to accompany General Lee's report of his operations before Richmond, after General Grant made his famous flank movement to Petersburg.

We had pitched our tents in a grove of beautiful oaks a little to the left of the old tavern. Near the edge of the woods had been the garden of a fine mansion, which had been wantonly demolished by the vandal hands of the Northern soldiers. The house must have been well appointed, as pieces of gas-pipe and brass gas-fixtures were strewn about the ground, bent and twisted into all manner of shapes. Heaps of debris were scattered around, while here and there might be seen the brick supports of porches. Even the shrubbery in the garden had been uprooted, and the only thing that had escaped was the cymling patch, probably because they had not yet come up when they left. When we arrived they were in full bearing, and we certainly enjoyed them. Some half a mile further to the west was an orchard, among whose trees there remained a lot of small, green apples. These had caught the eye of Mack, one of my assistants, and he had conceived a brilliant idea of putting some of his chemical knowledge into practice as soon as he could find an opportunity.

The Sunday following, my principal assistant and myself were about starting to church, when we observed several of the party passing, with their haversacks very much distended. Our curiosity being excited, we asked what was in them. We were informed that they contained green apples, and that Mack had promised to convert them into that Confederate beverage known as applejack, if they would help him, which they had promised to do. On coming out to mount our horses, we saw Mack and his staff in full blast.

The feed trough was converted into a mash-tub; one was busily pounding the green apples with an ax, while another was feeding the fire under a camp kettle, from the top of which extended some ten feet of brass gas-pipe, tied around with old rags, on which a third was pouring water from another camp kettle. The commander-in-chief, Mack, stood rubbing his hands with delight as he watched the high-

wine, as he called it, distilling through his worm (albeit it was straight), and slowly dropping into another camp kettle, which contained about half a pint of the liquid.

"What are you making?" said I.

"Applejack," said he.

"What do you think he is making, captain?" said my principal assistant.

"Well, I can not say exactly; but it is my impression that he is making a powerful emetic."

"You need not laugh; you are not obliged to drink any of it if you do not want to; but, anyhow, we will have a lot of it by the time you get back, and you will be glad enough to get some."

"I ain't brave enough to drink it," said I.

"*We* ain't afraid," said Mack.

We rode off, and returning about two o'clock, found the whole party sitting under the oaks. Mack with a camp kettle full of what he called applejack, and all the tin-cups before him, preparatory to dealing out rations. He offered me some. I just touched it to my lips. It seemed to me to be flavored with the acrid, brassy taste of the pipes.

I handed the cup back to him, remarking that my courage was not great enough to enable me to swallow it. He hooted at the idea, and tossing off half a cupful, smacked his lips and said it certainly was fine. All the others, seeing him swallow it, filed up and took their rations. First one, then another, would turn pale and walk off into the woods.

"It is beginning to act," said I.

"You be blowed," said Mack, "it won't hurt anybody."

He had hardly gotten the words out of his mouth before his face turned white, and he followed the crowd of victims. As Saxe says in the song of the steamer, "It nearly turned their insides out." Some stood resting their backs against the trees and leaning forward; others, with their hands to their heads and elbows on their knees, sat on old logs, stones, and stumps, hanging down their heads, with haggard faces and woe-begone looks. Now and then one lay prone with face to the ground emitting groans.

By sunset, a sadder and more dejected crowd could not be found in all the Confederate army, as they lay about limp and loose, victims of Mack's science and their own bravery—a fit ending to unnecessary Sunday work.

D. E. HENDERSON.



[For the BIVOUAC.]

**GOD BLESS OUR BOYS TO-NIGHT.**

(From our Old Confederate Portfolio, January, 1863, never before published.)

Ye bitter, brawling, winter blast,  
How loud ye are to-night !  
Ye blow as ye would blow your last  
With that trumpet of affright.  
Ye groan, and moan, and shriek around  
With such a reckless air—  
It breaks my heart to hear such sounds  
While tentless heads lie bare.

Blow, blow upon these homes of ours,  
With all your clang and din—  
Spend out your very fiercest powers,  
We will not let you in.  
But O, dear winds, be soft and spent  
As ye go passing by  
The hard, cold fields without a tent  
Where our poor soldiers lie.

Go ; blast the rock on mountain's steep ;  
Hurl snowcaps from thy course ;  
Wake up the forests from their sleep,  
Lash ocean till he's hoarse.  
Make towers, and spires, and domes down whirl'd  
Cleave torrents in thy path ;  
Rouse up the universal world  
In thy old giant wrath.

Then out of breath, with " wear and tear,"  
And hushed from din and noise,  
Come back, like mother's sacred prayer,  
Around our slumbering boys.  
Make nature's glazed and icy sheet  
As soft as carded wool,  
And breathe into the polished sleet  
The warm and melting soul.

Cool burning brows, dry tears all up,  
Blow off each weight of sorrow ;  
Make sick hearts well with crowns of hope  
That hang upon the morrow.  
Calm aching limbs ; soothe restlessness—  
In happy dreams all steep,  
And bear to each a good-night kiss  
As they fall off to sleep.

CLARK COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

TARPLEY ★.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

## HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

## CHAPTER VI.



GENERAL SCHOFIELD ordered General Wilson to dispose his cavalry so as to watch every movement of Hood's east and west of the infantry, and in the execution of this order General Wilson distributed the divisions of Hatch and Johnson on the east side of Duck river as far as Shelbyville, with the exception of three regiments of the first brigade of Hatch's division, commanded by Colonel Stewart of the Eleventh Indiana cavalry, which was posted west of Columbia for the purpose of watching the fords and crossings between that place and Williamsport. Capron's brigade, re-enforced by the Fifth Iowa cavalry, was posted at Rally Hill, on the Lewisburg pike. General Hammond, commanding a brigade of the Seventh division, freshly remounted, was marching from Nashville, to join Wilson, and was momentarily expected.\* This cavalry was commanded by a resolute soldier, of great ability and energy, and he was ably supported by Hatch and Johnson.

About noon of the 28th of November, 1864, General R. W. Johnson gave notice that Forrest had made his appearance in front of the pickets of Croxton's and Capron's brigade, at the several fords and crossings of Duck river, between Columbia and the Lewisburg pike. General Wilson at once notified General Schofield, and requested that Stewart's brigade be directed to march by the way of Spring Hill and join him. General Johnson re-enforced the brigade at the Lewisburg crossing with Harrison's Eighth Indiana cavalry, with instructions to hold that crossing as long as possible.

General Hood had instructed General Forrest to move his cavalry up Duck river, to force his command across it, to drive Wilson back in the direction of Franklin, and to thrust his cavalry between him and Schofield; then to take and hold all the roads between the Lewisburg pike and the Franklin pike, from the river to and beyond Mount Carmel. This disposition of Forrest's cavalry placed it on the right of the army, and enabled it to move with celerity on Rally Hill, Hunt's Corner, and Mount Carmel, and to separate Wilson from Schofield. General Forrest directed Buford to force his division across the river at the Lewisburg pike; Jackson at Huey's mill; Chalmers at Holland's

\*General Wilson's official report.

ford, a little below Jackson, while he crossed, with Biddle's demi-brigade, at Davis' ford. The effort of Buford to cross was hotly contested, but Jackson, having successfully forced his crossing, marched his division with great rapidity to the Columbia and Murfreesboro road, and then turning east, he drove Wilson beyond Rally Hill. Jackson's vigorous movement enabled Chalmers to cross without difficulty, and also Forrest to cross without opposition, and join him at Rally Hill; and the divisions of Jackson and Chalmers, with Biddle's demi-brigade, under the immediate command of Forrest, were between Wilson and his detachments on the river opposing Buford's effort to cross. The detachment at the fords escaped during the night with the loss of its ordnance train and a few prisoners. Capron was driven back in disorder in the direction of Franklin.

At nightfall of the 28th of November, General Hood had the satisfaction of knowing that General Forrest had crossed the river, occupied Rally Hill, and was in position to force Wilson back on Franklin, and separate him from Schofield. The pontoon was thrown across Duck river, at Davis' ford, during the night, and everything was in readiness for the march on the next day.

With the break of day, on the morning of November 29th, General Hood marched his flanking column of seven divisions and two batteries of field artillery—one battery to each corps—to Davis' ford, and crossed the river on the pontoon. Cheatham's corps was in advance, with Cleburne's division head of column, with the front of which General Hood rode, followed by Bate's and Brown's divisions, and one battery of light artillery; then Stewart's corps, with Loring's division in advance, followed by Walthall's and French's divisions, and one battery of light artillery, and in the rear followed Johnson's division of Lee's corps. General Hood was with Granberry's Texas brigade, which was head of column, and in person directed the march of this flanking column. It was the critical move of the campaign, and with the skillful combinations of his plan of operations on the north side of Duck river promised success. The objective point was Spring Hill, on the pike, equi-distant from Columbia and Franklin; and the purpose of the march of this flanking column was to get possession of the pike, in rear of Schofield, on his line of retreat, and destroy the column of troops under his command, and capture his trains, equipments, and supplies. The strategy of General Hood was to march this column rapidly on the flank, seize Spring Hill and establish himself squarely on Schofield's line of communications, cut off his retreat on Nashville, and bring on a general engagement. Schofield was encumbered

with trains, which would have been a serious disadvantage to him. He was hopelessly separated from his cavalry, and could not be re-enforced. The movement was brilliantly conceived, and its execution developed the absence of the powers of concentration, grasp, vigor, and a rapid march, with a compact column, thrown with overwhelming force, on this partially exposed point. Forrest was operating on the right of this flanking column, and drove Wilson on the roads to Franklin, completely separating him from Schofield. Lee, with Clayton's and Stevenson's divisions of infantry, and all the artillery, except two batteries, were at Columbia in front of Schofield, with instructions to make demonstrations, under cover of a heavy artillery fire, to cross the river, and by continuous feints, engage Schofield's attention. General Lee did engage Schofield's attention, and the constant boom of his artillery was heard by the troops in the flanking column during the day. General Forrest drove Wilson, with great energy and rapidity, to and beyond Mount Carmel. From Mount Carmel, he moved a part of his command to the left, and marched rapidly on Spring Hill and Thompson's station, on the railroad, immediately east of Spring Hill, arriving in advance of the infantry. Hood marched his column on the rough, muddy, and narrow road, in compact line, with regularity, and admirable precision, during the forenoon. When the column reached Bear creek, General Hood, apprehensive that the enemy might attack him in flank, and to guard against this possible contingency, directed Cheatham's corps to move in two parallel columns, so that if attacked, it could come instantly into action in two lines of battle. Brown's division, which was the rear division of Cheatham's corps, was ordered to form this supporting column, and was directed to leave the road, on which the main column marched, and moving through fields and woods, to conform to the movements of the other two divisions. Brown's division marched under this order from Bear to Rutherford's creek, a distance of about six miles.\* Shortly after this order, General Hood detached Gist's and about one half of Strahl's brigades from Brown's division, ordered them on picket duty, and to be relieved by his orders. Cleburne's division of Cheatham's corps crossed Rutherford's creek about three o'clock in the afternoon, followed by Bate and Brown. Gist's and the portion of Strahl's brigades detached from Brown's division by General Hood for picket duty had not been relieved and ordered to report to General Brown.

\*General Brown's letter to General Cheatham, October 24, 1881, in *Courier-Journal*, December 4, 1881.

General Hood directed Cheatham to move on Spring Hill. Cleburne was in advance, and at once came in contact with the enemy in front of that place. Bate followed, and was instructed to form on Cleburne's left, and Brown was directed to form on Cleburne's right. Cleburne was instructed to communicate with General Forrest, and ascertain from him the position of the enemy. General Hood halted Stewart's corps at Rutherford's creek, and formed line of battle at right angles to it, and Johnson's division was halted, and formed line of battle about one mile from Stewart's corps.

General Schofield had been informed, early in the morning, of the movement of Hood's flanking column. Post's brigade of Wood's division was ordered up the river to make a reconnoissance, and soon reported that Hood had crossed the river, and was marching on a parallel road to the pike. At eight o'clock, General Stanley, with the first and second divisions of the Fourth corps, marched on the pike for Spring Hill. At Rutherford's creek, he posted Kimball's division, and, with Wagner's division, he marched rapidly to Spring Hill, and arrived as a part of Forrest's cavalry was entering the outskirts of the village from the east, driving before them the small cavalry and infantry force guarding trains parked there.\* General Stanley, in his official report, says: "General Wagner was ordered to deploy his division at once; Opdyke's and Lane's brigades to cover as much space about the village as would serve to park the trains; General Bradley's brigade was sent to occupy a wooded knoll about three-quarters of a mile from the pike, and which commanded the approaches from that direction." Schofield had Cox's division at Columbia, "with Wood's, Kimball's, and Ruger's divisions within supporting distance of each other upon the extension of Cox's left,"† and with the advantage of a broad pike, on which to march his infantry and artillery. General Stanley had at Spring Hill six batteries of field artillery, with Wagner's division.

When Cleburne moved on the enemy in the afternoon at Spring Hill, and made the effort to uncover his line, his right flank was exposed to a withering fire. His right brigade suffering severely, compelled him to fall back and reform his division with a change of front. Bate's division, on the left of Cleburne, advanced in the direction of Cheair's farm. Becoming disconnected, Cheatham ordered it back, to connect with Cleburne's left, while Brown was ordered into position on the right of Cleburne. Brown reported that his right was overlapped and exposed. General Cheatham ordered his divisions to attack as

\*General Stanley's official report.

†Cox's *March to the Sea*, Franklin and Nashville, page 74.

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soon as his line was connected, and informed Generals Cleburne and Brown that General Hood would move Stewart's corps on the right and place it across the pike, and that he would go and connect Bate on the left. The attack was again made, and Bradley's brigade was roughly handled and driven back from its advanced position on the wooded knoll, and General Bradley was severely wounded. Cheatham's troops, in following up this advantage, in crossing the cornfield toward the village, were exposed to the fire of the artillery at good range for spherical-case shot, and also raked in flank by a battery on the pike south of the village. The advancing line, recoiled under the fire, fell back some distance and reformed, when night put an end to the conflict.



*W B Forrest*

General Stanley arrived at Spring Hill with Wagner's division about noon, in time to prevent its capture by Forrest. Stanley reached Spring Hill fully three hours in advance of Hood's infantry. He had time to select his lines of defense, and, when Forrest arrived with the main body of his cavalry, dismounted his men, and moved on the enemy. He discovered that a strong body of infantry was in his front, and was unable to dislodge this force. He, also, knew that there was



a division of infantry on the pike toward Columbia in supporting distance. Under these conditions, Forrest maintained his line without making an attack. Hood directed him to hold his position until his infantry arrived. When Cleburne's division came on the field it formed on the left of the cavalry. In the meantime, Jackson's division of cavalry had possession of the pike east of Spring Hill, while Buford's and Chalmer's divisions held the line in front of Wagner, awaiting the arrival of Hood's infantry. Such was the situation of the troops of both armies when Cheatham reached Spring Hill in the afternoon. No trains were moving on the pike, but, on the contrary, they were parked at Spring Hill, within the second line held by the enemy. Stanley had an excess of field artillery, because of the arrival of six batteries under Captain Bridges, chief of artillery of the Fourth corps, *en route* to Franklin.\*

When General Schofield heard from Stanley that he was attacked by infantry, he promptly moved Ruger's division, which was near by, to his support, followed by Whitaker's brigade of Kimball's division. Schofield in person accompanied Ruger's division, and marched it rapidly to Spring Hill. As he approached, he found Hood's pickets on the pike, which he drove off, and without further difficulty joined Stanley immediately after dark. After nightfall General Jackson captured Thompson's station, three miles east of Spring Hill. As soon as Schofield heard of this, he marched Ruger's division against Jackson, drove him away, and opened his line of retreat on Nashville. As soon as he accomplished this, he returned to Spring Hill, and put Whitaker's brigade in position parallel to the pike, confronting Hood's left, within eight hundred yards of the road, to cover the column as it passed.† At nine o'clock Schofield had Ruger's division three miles east of Spring Hill, Wagner's division at Spring Hill, Whitaker's brigade on its right, eight hundred yards south of the pike and confronting Hood's left. Whitaker was placed in this position to prevent Hood extending his left to and across the pike, and also to guard against a sudden assault in flank on Schofield's column while on the march. It was the post of honor, and Schofield selected a courageous general with his fighting brigade for it. This disposition of troops was maintained until midnight. Cox's division, which had been in position during the day on the north bank of Duck river, at Columbia, was withdrawn after dark and marched to Spring Hill. When Cox's division reached Spring Hill, about midnight, it was placed in advance, and continued its march

\*Cox's *March to the Sea*, Franklin and Nashville, page 75.

†General Schofield's official report.

to Franklin, followed by the other divisions, with strong lines of flankers to guard the trains. Whitaker remained in line until all the troops passed by, then he followed, and the rear was covered by Opdyke's brigade, which was at Spring Hill. This column marched on the pike during the night, with the camp-fires of Hood's column in bivouac readily seen, and no effort was made to obstruct it, except that made by Jackson at Thompson's station, and it reached Franklin safely the next forenoon.

General Hood charges the failure at Spring Hill to General Cheatham, and insists, both in his official report and his history, that Cheatham disobeyed his orders. The opportunity of the campaign was stupidly thrown away, and he says that the disgrace of this failure is upon Cheatham. General Hood's version of the operations of his army, and the movement of his flanking column, and the disposition of his troops on the afternoon of November 29th, has been accepted as historically correct, and followed by many of the historians of this campaign. It may be safely said that the official account of no campaign is so distinguished by the omission of as many essential facts as is shown by the report of General Hood, and it may, also, be truthfully said that no history makes as many misstatements of the operations of an army as are contained in "Advance and Retreat," in reference to the movements, position, and disposition of troops, and the occurrence of events at Spring Hill.

General Hood, in his work, "Advance and Retreat," says: "I was confident that after Schofield had crossed the river and placed that obstruction between our respective armies, he would feel in security, and would remain in his position at least a sufficient length of time to allow me to throw pontoons across the river about three miles above his left flank, and, by a bold and rapid march, together with heavy demonstrations in his front, gain his rear before he was fully advised of my object."\*

The success of this flank movement was, in the opinion of General Hood, dependent on his ability to gain Schofield's rear before he was aware of his object; and General Hood, in same work, says that during this flank march, the Federal cavalry appeared on the hills to his left, and that the rapidity of his march was not discontinued on account of that; and "I also knew that Schofield was occupied in his front, since I could distinctly hear the roar of Lee's artillery at Columbia while a feint was made to cross the river."

And General Hood in the succeeding paragraph says: "Thus I

\*Advance and Retreat, page 283.

*led* the main body of the army to within about two miles, and in full view of the pike from Columbia to Spring Hill and Franklin. I here halted about three p. m., and requested General Cheatham, commanding the leading corps, and Major-General Cleburne to advance to the spot where, sitting upon my horse, I had in sight the enemy's wagons and men passing at double-quick along the Franklin pike. As the officers approached, I spoke to Cheatham in the following words, which I quote almost verbatim, as they have remained indelibly engraved upon my memory since that fatal day: 'General, do you see the enemy there, retreating rapidly to escape us?' He answered in the affirmative. 'Go,' I continued, 'with your corps, take possession of and hold that pike at or near Spring Hill. Accept whatever comes, and turn all those wagons over to our side of the house.' Then addressing Cleburne, I said: 'General, you have heard the orders just given. You have one of my best divisions. Go with General Cheatham, assist him in every way you can, and do as he directs.' Again, as a parting injunction to them, I added: 'Go and do this at once. Stewart is near at hand, and I will have him double-quick his men to the front.' "

It will be seen from the above quotations that General Hood was satisfied that Lee had succeeded in engaging the attention of Schofield at Columbia, and that the Federal commander was deceived as to his real movements; that at the distance of two miles from Spring Hill he could see the enemy retreating rapidly to escape him; and that under these circumstances, with the evidences of the physical fact, visible to the naked eye, he called Cheatham and Cleburne to him, and pointed out to them the "rapidly retreating enemy" passing on the pike in the direction of Franklin, and gave to them his verbal instructions as above stated.

At this particular time there was no retreating enemy on the pike, nor wagon trains. Stanley occupied his lines well advanced, for the protection of Spring Hill, with the trains in his rear parked; and Forrest, with dismounted troopers, was in line in front of the advance knoll held by Bradley's brigade, and Cleburne's division moved to the left of the dismounted cavalry, and General Hood was two and one-half miles away at Rutherford's creek, where Brown's division was then about crossing. Stewart's corps was not near at hand, or under orders to double-quick to the front, but was in line of battle south of Rutherford's creek.

Lieutenant-General Stewart's official report of the operations of his corps on the 29th of November establishes the existence of facts, which

are not only omitted, but ignored, by General Hood in his account of the position of his troops at Spring Hill; and, inasmuch as it has never been published, it is now given:

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,

“NEAR SMITHFIELD DEPOT, N. C., April 3, 1865.

“SIR: In my report of the operations of my corps during the campaign made by General Hood into Tennessee, I omitted the details of what transpired near Spring Hill during the afternoon and night of the 29th of November, 1864. I respectfully submit the following statement, and ask that it be filed as a part of my report:

“On the morning of November 29th, General Hood moved with Cheatham's corps and mine and Johnson's division of Lee's corps—the latter reporting to me—Cheatham's corps in advance. We made a forced march to get in rear of the enemy. In the course of the afternoon, about three or four o'clock, I reached Rutherford's creek, as Cheatham's rear division was crossing. I received orders to halt, and form on the south side of the creek, my right to rest on or near the creek, so as to move down the creek, if necessary. Subsequently, I received an order to send a division across the creek, and finally, between sunset and dark, an order was received to cross the creek, leaving a division on the south side. Johnson's division, being in rear, was designated to remain. Riding in advance of the column, about dusk, I found General Hood some half mile from the creek, and about as far west of the road on which we were marching, and which led to Spring Hill. The commanding general gave me a young man of the neighborhood as a guide, and told me to move on and place my right across the pike beyond Spring Hill, ‘your left,’ he added, ‘extending down this way.’ This would have placed my line in rear of Cheatham's, except that my right would have extended beyond his. The guide informed me that at a certain point the road made a sudden turn to the left, going into Spring Hill; that from this bend there used to be a road leading across to the pike, meeting it at the toll-gate, some mile and a half beyond Spring Hill, toward Franklin. I told him if he could find it that was the right road. Arriving at the bend of the road, we passed through a large gateway, taking what appeared in the darkness to be an indistinct path. Within a short distance, I found General Forrest's headquarters, and stopped to ascertain the position of his pickets covering Cheatham's right, and of the enemy. He informed me that his scouts reported the enemy leaving the direct pike, leading from Spring Hill to Franklin and Nashville, and taking the one down Carter's creek. While in conversation with him, I was informed that a staff officer from General Hood had come up and halted the column. It turned out to be a staff engineer officer of General Cheatham, who informed me that General Hood had sent him to *place me in position*. It striking me as strange the commanding general should send an officer not of his own staff on this errand, or, indeed, any one, as he had given directions to me in person, I inquired of the officer if he had seen General Hood since I had. He replied that he had just come from General Hood, and that the reason why he was sent was that I was to go into position on General Brown's right—the right of Cheatham's corps, and he and General Brown had been over the ground

by daylight. Thinking it possible the commanding general had changed his mind as to what he wished me to do, I concluded it was proper to be governed by the directions of this staff officer, and, therefore, returned to the road and moved on toward Spring Hill. Arriving near the line of Brown's division, General Brown explained his position, which was oblique to the pike, his right being farther from it than his left. It was evident that, if my command were marched up and formed on his right, it being now a late hour, it would require all night to accomplish it, and the line, instead of extending across the pike, would bear away from it. Feeling satisfied there was a mistake, I directed the troops to be bivouacked, while I rode back to find the commanding general, to explain my situation and get further instructions. On arriving at his quarters, I inquired of him if he had sent this officer of General Cheatham's staff to place me in position. He replied that he had. I next inquired if he had changed his mind as to what he wished me to do. He replied that he had not. 'But,' said he, 'the fact is, General Cheatham has been here and represented that there ought to be somebody on Brown's right.' I explained to him that, in the uncertainty I was in, I had directed the troops, who had been marching rapidly since daylight, and it was now eleven P. M., to be placed in bivouac, and had come to report. He remarked, in substance, that it was not material; to let the men rest, and directed me to move before daylight in the morning, taking the advance toward Franklin. Subsequently, General Hood made to me this statement: 'I wish you and your people to understand that I attach no blame to you for the failure at Spring Hill. On the contrary, I know if I had had you there, the attack would have been made.'

"Very respectfully, General, your obedient servant,

"ALEX. P. STEWART, *Lieutenant-General.*

"GENERAL S. COOPER, A. and I. C., Richmond, Va."

General Hood's report is dated Richmond, Virginia, February 15, 1865, and was written after he was relieved of the command of the army.

In this report he said that Cheatham's infantry commenced to come in contact with the enemy, about four P. M., about two miles from Spring Hill, and that he ordered a vigorous attack to be made at once, and get possession of the pike; and, although these orders were earnestly and frequently repeated, Cheatham made but a feeble and partial attack, failing to reach the point indicated. "Had my instructions been carried out, there is no doubt we should have possessed ourselves of the road. Stewart's corps and Johnson's division were arriving on the field to support the attack." Evidently, when this report made its appearance, General Stewart made the foregoing report to General Cooper, and General Hood wrote the following letter to General Stewart, and also placed it on the files in General Cooper's office, at Richmond, and is now in custody of the War Department at Washington City:

[Addenda.]

"CHESTER, SOUTH CAROLINA, April 9, 1865.

"MY DEAR GENERAL: Before leaving for Texas, I desire to say that I am sorry to know that some of your friends thought that I intended some slight reflection on your conduct at Spring Hill. You did all that I could say or claim that I would have done under similar circumstances myself. The great opportunity passed with daylight. Since I have been informed that your friends felt that my report led to uncertainty as to yourself and troops, I regret that I did not make myself more clear in my report by going more into detail about the staff officer of General Cheatham. I only *regret*, General, that I did not have you with your corps in front on that day. I feel and have felt that Tennessee to-day would have been in our possession. \* \* \*

"Your friend,

J. B. HOOD."

The foregoing is the historical statement of the events that transpired at Spring Hill on the afternoon of the 29th of November, 1864, as written by General Hood, and in this statement he insists that Cheatham failed to execute his orders, and permitted the opportunity to pass to strike a fatal blow to the enemy. He places the responsibility of the disaster to his campaign on Cheatham, and charges him with disobedience of his orders in the face of the enemy.

It will be seen that Hood was impressed with the belief that Schofield was on the north side of Duck river, at Columbia, wholly ignorant of the movement made with his flanking column, and thus deceived at the roar of Lee's artillery and feints to cross in his front, that all Cheatham had to do was to capture the wagon trains passing on the pike at Spring Hill and throw his command on the pike squarely in the rear of Schofield.

Schofield was an able and accomplished general, and so soon as General Wilson, who commanded his cavalry, reported to him that Hood's infantry was crossing Duck river, three miles above his left flank, he at once anticipated Hood's strategy, and made such a disposition of his troops as to check his movement. Hood's theory, as given in his book, was based largely on the idea that Schofield was a dull and incapable officer, without sagacity or enterprise, and that a bold and rapid march on his flank could easily be made, and his rear gained before he was aware of what was being done. The fatal mistake, as is quite evident from Hood's written contribution to history, was made by General Hood himself in deliberately underestimating the capacity of Schofield.

When Hood appeared at the head of Cleburne's division in the vicinity of Spring Hill, Schofield had anticipated his objective point, and instead of seeing the enemy rapidly retreating to escape him, Gen-



eral Stanley, with a division of infantry of the Fourth corps, about five thousand strong, was posted so as to prevent Cheatham from occupying the pike. Cheatham encountered a line of infantry, well posted, in his front, and when he discovered that the enemy, in large numbers, occupied this line, he could but develop its strength by throwing forward a heavy line of skirmishers, and also reasonably relying upon the parting injunction given him and Cleburne, that Stewart was near at hand, and that his corps would be double-quickened to the front.

Not only had Schofield anticipated Hood's movements, but he out-generated him in the execution of his plan, which he vainly imagined would work the destruction of the opposing army. Schofield was fully three miles nearer Spring Hill than the point at which Hood crossed Duck river, and in addition he had a broad and well-constructed pike over which to march his infantry and move his artillery and ordnance trains; and the result of this advantage was seen in the rapid disposition he made of his troops. In addition to the division under Stanley at Spring Hill, with a full complement of artillery, Schofield had the balance of the Fourth corps in easy supporting distance on the north side of Rutherford's creek, and a portion of the Twenty-third corps on the south side of that creek, and only one division was on the north bank of Duck river in front of two divisions of Lee's corps, and all the artillery of the army, except two batteries which Hood took with his flanking column. It is evident that Schofield, in an engagement at Spring Hill on the afternoon of the 29th of November, 1864, could have concentrated a larger force of infantry, with a full proportion of artillery, than could Hood under any possibility. In addition to this, Hood, instead of marching Stewart's corps rapidly, as he stated to Cheatham he would do, halted that corps on the south side of Rutherford's creek, with Johnson's division in its rear, and formed a line of battle at right angles with the creek; and Stewart's corps did not cross the creek until dark, and Johnson's division followed.

General Hood, on page 285, says that he dispatched several of his staff to the rear with orders to Stewart and Johnson to make all possible haste, and that, after Cheatham began skirmishing with the enemy, he rode to a point near the pike, "and again sent a staff officer to Stewart and Johnson to push forward."

In this statement General Hood is mistaken. He sent no such orders to Stewart. Major Clare, an inspector-general on Hood's staff, brought Stewart his orders, and in obedience thereto Stewart halted his corps at the creek, and General Stewart says: "When about dusk I received orders to move on across the creek, and rode forward to find

the commanding general, he complained bitterly that his orders to attack had not been obeyed. But *he was there himself*. I asked why he halted me at Rutherford's creek. He replied that he confidently expected Cheatham would attack and rout the enemy; that there was a road on the other side of the creek. He wished me there to prevent the escape of the routed foe in that direction."

Now, General Hood fails to state, either in his "Advance and Retreat," or his official report, the fact that he halted Stewart's corps and Johnson's division at Rutherford's creek, and formed a line of battle. On the contrary, he says: "I knew no large force of the enemy could be at Spring Hill, as couriers reported Schofield's main body still in front of Lee, at Columbia, up to a late hour in the day. I thought it probable that Cheatham had taken possession of Spring Hill without encountering material opposition, or had formed line across the pike, north of the town, and entrenched without coming in serious contact with the enemy, which would account for the little musketry heard in his direction. However, I sent an officer to ask Cheatham if he held the pike, and to inform him of the arrival of Stewart, whose corps I intended to throw on his left, in order to assail the Federals in flank, that evening or the next morning, as they approached and formed to attack Cheatham. At this juncture the messenger returned with the report that the road had not been taken possession of. General Stewart was ordered to proceed to the right of Cheatham and place his corps across the pike north of Spring Hill." At this particular time, Stewart's corps was in line of battle at Rutherford's creek, several miles away, and not at Spring Hill, as stated by General Hood. And in the paragraph next following the above quotation, he says he halted Stewart's corps, and describes with emotion how he upbraided Cheatham for his failure to attack the enemy and take possession of the pike; and that Cheatham replied the line looked a little too long for him, and that Stewart should first form on his right.

And General Hood says: "One good division, I reassert, could have routed that portion of the enemy which was at Spring Hill; have taken possession of and formed line across the road; and thus have made it an easy matter to Stewart's corps, Johnson's division, and Lee's two divisions from Columbia, to have enveloped, routed, and captured Schofield's army that afternoon and the ensuing day."

And General Hood concludes the chapter, devoted to a narrative of the events at Spring Hill, as he would have transmitted into history, with this ungracious reflection on the character of the troops whom he humiliated with defeats and finally overwhelmed with disaster in the

pursuance of fatal opportunities that the skill and strategy of opposing generals tendered him.

He writes on page two hundred and ninety as follows: "The best move in my career as a soldier I was thus destined to behold come to naught. The discovery that the army, after a forward march of one hundred and eighty miles, was still, seemingly, unwilling to accept battle unless under the protection of breastworks, caused me to experience grave concern. In my inmost heart I questioned whether or not I would ever succeed in eradicating this evil. It seemed to me that I had exhausted every means in the power of one man to remove this stumbling block from the army of Tennessee."

In answer to this grave accusation, historically made by the commanding general of the army of Tennessee, leave is asked to say, while solemnly protesting against this imputation on the memory of the gallant dead, who gave life and their bright manhood on the field of action in the vain effort to plant his battle colors in victory, on the fortified lines of the enemy, that General Hood, commencing with the battle of Peach Tree creek, July 20th to November 30, 1864, without exception, it is believed, invariably hurled his divisions against fortified lines, and that on no occasion did his soldiers fail to make the assault when commanded. And, in truth, within the twenty-four hours next succeeding the events which he attempts to narrate, he fought these same low-spirited soldiers with reckless courage and desperate daring, against Schofield's troops, who had the advantage of "protection of breastworks." In fact, General Hood, in his book, frequently writes as though inspired with ghastly sarcasm, that the attacks, which he made on fortified lines, improved the *morale* of his army and prevented desertion.

These quotations are made with reluctance, from General Hood's book, because of the sorrowful conviction that it was a great mistake to have made this posthumous publication; but the publication having been made, to give his views of the events at Spring Hill and elsewhere, which seriously involve not only the reputation of Cheatham, but also that of Cleburne, and at the same time, in a modest way, call attention to the many errors that disfigure his statements and caution the credulous to investigate the facts before accepting his condemnation of Cheatham and his command.

If Cheatham failed from any cause, either to comprehend or to execute orders given him, then in that event it was the duty of General Hood, who was present on the field, to have placed him in arrest, and turned the command of the corps over to General Cleburne. If, how-

ever, under the circumstances, the commanding general was of the opinion that it was impolitic to arrest Cheatham, then he should have led the corps in person into action. If this course had been pursued then there would have been some justification in the effort of Hood to bequeath the reputation of Cheatham to the obloquy of posterity.

But the statements of these events, as made by Hood, when taken as a whole, do not authorize the inference, much less the conclusion, that Cheatham is chargeable with the failure to rout and capture the Federals at Spring Hill; and, besides, the commanding general should have remembered that when he was in person on the field, the responsibility of a disobedience of his orders can not be divided with, much less entirely thrown upon, a subordinate officer.

The fundamental error that underlies the movement to Spring Hill is that Hood believed Schofield was deceived with the demonstrations made in his front, and was wholly oblivious to the movement of the flanking column, and all that Cheatham had to do was to move on Spring Hill, capture its garrison, and "turn over those wagons to our side of the house," and that the Federal column, which he believed to be near Columbia, when apprised of the fact that the Confederate army was in its rear, would attempt to escape by the road on the north side of Rutherford's creek to Murfreesboro, and that Stewart's corps and Johnson's division, which he had posted in line of battle at that point, would capture and destroy it. He had no definite knowledge of the position of Schofield's troops, and assumes to place that command in a position which is absolutely incorrect. Hood's column was composed of seven divisions and two batteries, and four-sevenths of this command he halted at Rutherford's creek, and with three-sevenths and one battery, late in the afternoon, he developed the line at Spring Hill occupied by Stanley. He divided his command and posted the major portion several miles away from his objective point, and himself committed the fatal mistake which he charges upon Cheatham.

Schofield had two corps, with a full proportion of artillery, numbering about 22,000 effectives; one corps, the Fourth, commanded by General Stanley, of the regular army, and the other, the Twenty-third, commanded by General Cox. This army was fully equipped with all the appliances and improved methods of war—composed of veterans, and commanded by officers of courage and experience, and its general held it well in hand, and moved it in a solid and compact line, with a heavy line of skirmishers on its right flank, as it passed along the pike, at night, in sight of Hood's camp-fires, to Franklin.

Hood's army that night was in bivouac, massed by brigade fronts, near to and south of the pike, in the immediate vicinity of Spring Hill, and Schofield marched his column along the pike, with his right flank protected by a heavy skirmish line, and safely reached Franklin without hindrance or serious loss.

Why was it that Hood did not attack this marching column as it moved on the pike in front of his camp-fires? Stewart's corps and Johnson's division were on the ground with Cheatham. If Cheatham could not, or would not, attempt to cross the pike, then why was not Stewart directed to take position on it? Stewart was an able and accomplished general, with a reputation won on the fields of battle that reflected the heroic deeds of the army of Tennessee in its grandest efforts, and he commanded a corps composed of the veteran divisions of Loring, French, and Walthall, which had never wavered when brought into action. In addition, General Stewart was an officer who never misunderstood his orders or failed to execute them. If Stewart had been ordered to cross that pike, as General Hood states he was, he would have done it, or the story of his night attack in the effort to do it would have been one of the most brilliant and bloody episodes of the late war.

The indisputable fact exists that Schofield, after the arrival of Stewart and Johnson, successfully marched his army, with its trains, on the pike, in front of Hood unmolested, and no organized effort was made to assail him in flank. General Forrest was also on the ground, and his biographer says that his cavalry was not placed across the pike, because he was out of ammunition, and he could not be supplied from the ordnance trains of the infantry.

General Hood, in his book, commenting on his performances at Spring Hill, betrays an ambition to attempt a rapid flank movement, which distinguished the rapid marches and brilliant victories of Stonewall Jackson in the valleys of Virginia. But it should be remembered the late war produced but one Stonewall Jackson, and when Hood essayed the flank movement to Spring Hill, he found the opposing forces commanded by an educated and trained soldier, who demonstrated that he was master of the art of war, and that no Banks, Milroy, or Fremont, incapable of protecting either the flank or rear, was there, but that Schofield, with Cox and Stanley, commanded a veteran army, and would dispute with him every move that threatened their communications with the rear. The assumption that Schofield's army would have been destroyed at Spring Hill, and one of the most brilliant victories of the war achieved had it not have been for the misconduct of Cheatham,

is one of the delusions that has survived war. When the facts of the movements of both armies are grouped together, and the statements of General Hood as to his plans and purposes are considered in connection with the fact, which he omits to state, that he halted Stewart and Johnson at Rutherford's creek, and formed a line of battle, and the further fact that Stanley with a division had reached Spring Hill in advance of Cheatham, and that the balance of the Fourth corps was on the north side of Rutherford's creek, in easy supporting distance of the division at Spring Hill, and that the greater portion of the Twenty-third corps was on the south side of that creek, and that only one division, instead of the whole of Schofield's army, was on the north side of Duck river, at Columbia; and then no circumstance, or incident, that his strategy developed, can be found that justifies Hood's attack on the military reputation of General Cheatham.

General Hood says that he hoped to gain Schofield's rear before he was apprised of his object. That is, he hoped to surprise Schofield, and gain his rear before he was apprised of his object. And Schofield refused to be surprised. General Hood says that Cheatham admitted to him that he was to blame for the failure at Spring Hill.

Governor Harris accompanied the army into Tennessee, and was a guest at army headquarters. In a letter addressed to Governor Porter, dated May 20, 1877, and published in *The Annals of the Army of Tennessee*, Vol. I., page forty-nine, he said :

"That General Hood, on the march to Franklin, spoke to him, in the presence of Major Mason, of the failure of General Cheatham to make the night attack at Spring Hill, and censured him in severe terms for his disobedience of orders. Soon after this, being alone with Major Mason, the latter remarked that 'General Cheatham was not to blame about the matter last night; I did not send him the order.' I asked if he had communicated the fact to General Hood. He answered that he had not. I replied that 'It is due General Cheatham that this explanation should be made.' Thereupon Major Mason joined General Hood and gave him the information. Afterward, General Hood said to me that he had done injustice to General Cheatham, and requested me to inform him that he held him blameless for the failure at Spring Hill, and on the day following the battle of Franklin I was informed by General Hood that he had addressed a note to General Cheatham assuring him that he did not censure or charge him with the failure to make the attack."

This letter was published twenty-seven months prior to the death of General Hood, and if the statements made by Governor Harris were untrue or incorrect, General Hood had ample opportunity to say so. The correctness of the statements made in this letter have never been questioned.

D. W. SANDERS,

*Major and A. A. G. French's Division.*

## A LOST FLAG.

Nothing more clearly indicates the decay of sectionalism and the growth of good feeling between former foes than the mutual return of flags captured on the battlefield. They are not so much the spoils of war as precious trophies, enduring witnesses of the prowess of the victors; and, hence, their surrender is as unexpected as praiseworthy. The courage which wins them may deserve admiration, but the magnanimity which prompts their surrender quite vanquishes.

The New England exchanges will confer a favor if they will aid in furthering the end aimed at in the following communication:

FRANKLIN, January 27, 1885.

EDITOR SOUTHERN BIVOUAC: On the 14th day of April, 1863, the "St. Mary Cannoneers" were engaged in a skirmish, or battle, in Irish Bend, on the Teche, holding in check Emory's corps, I think, until the main army, consisting of about three thousand five hundred or four thousand men, under General Taylor, were retreating from Camp Bisland and the fortifications there, before General Banks, on his march to Shreveport, Texas, or h—l, as his troops (some of them) had marked on their baggage, etc.

In this little fight, the flag of the St. Mary Cannoneers was, through carelessness, lost in this way: The color-bearer had a brother wounded, and he laid his flag down on a caisson to help him off the field. The Federal battery was well served, and one shell killed every horse attached to that caisson, and, when the order to retreat was given, the caisson was left, flag and all.

The flag was captured by a Connecticut regiment, and is now in Hartford. Communications have passed between some of the officers of the battle and the parties who have charge of the flag. We have reorganized here a militia company from what was left of the old company, and we are anxious to get our old flag again. It was presented to the company by Miss Louisa McKerall, and was in the thickest of the fight at Fort Jackson, where the command was captured and paroled by Commodore Porter, of the mortar fleet. It was saved in the officers' baggage, as we surrendered on condition of retaining personal effects and side arms.

We were taken to New Orleans on board the gunboat Kennebec, No. 9, and paroled in New Orleans. We were exchanged in the following June, having surrendered on the 28th of April, 1862, Farragut's fleet having passed the forts on the morning of the 24th of April, 1862.

If you can aid us in anyway by information as to what steps are necessary to recover the flag, or will publish this letter, so that, perhaps, some of your readers, who may know of this old flag, may correspond with us, I will answer for it that the old members of the "St. Mary Cannoneers" will be grateful.

Yours, etc.,

A. S. GATES, M. D.

## MY FIRST VIEW OF A FAMOUS CONFEDERATE OFFICER.



ON the 13th of December, 1862, during the battle of Fredericksburg, a general officer, followed by a single courier, rode up to the guns on Dead Horse Hill, near the Hamilton House and the right of Stonewall Jackson's line. There being just then a temporary lull in the terrific artillery duel, which had been going on almost all day, and having a quick eye for a fine horse, I was much attracted by the handsome bay stallion on which the officer was mounted.

Looking neither to the right nor the left, he rode straight up amid the guns, halted, and seemed gazing intently on the enemy's line of battle on the old telegraph road.

The outfit before me, from top to toe, cap, coat, pants, top boots, horse, and his furniture, were all evidently of the new order of things. But there was something about the man that told me "he had been there before," and that he and the battle's shock were old-time friends. As he had done us the honor to make an afternoon call on the artillery, I thought it becoming in some one to say something on the occasion. No one did, however, so, although a somewhat bashful and weak-kneed youngster, I plucked up courage enough to venture the remark, that those big guns over the river had been knocking us about pretty considerably during the day. He quickly turned his head, and I knew in an instant who it was before me. The clear-cut, chiseled features, the thin, compressed, and determined lips, the neatly-trimmed chestnut beard, the calm, steadfast eye, that could fathom the tide of battle in a moment's time, the countenance to command respect, and in the time of war to give to the soldier that confidence he so much craves from a superior officer, were all there. And there was one I had heard so much of, and had longed so much to see, whose battle front I was then upon for the first time but, however, not the last.

Reader, his was a splendid flag; war-rent and riven in many a whirlwind storm, it never once did trail. Quick as the summer lightning it swept the winds, and, poised aloft, it waved triumphantly on a hundred battlefields.

As I said before, he turned his head quickly and looking me all over in about two seconds, he rode up the line, and away, quietly and as silent as he came, his little courier hard upon his heels, and this was my first sight of Stonewall Jackson, one of the grandest military leaders the world has ever seen.

W. P. CARTER.



## Youths' Department.



### THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

THE writer will now state the manner in which this diary fell into his hands. Just as the sun was sinking below the horizon, on the 30th of April, 1865, the writer reached a country house in the northern part of North Carolina. The request for lodging for the night was readily granted by the hospitable owner of the mansion.

On entering the house a number of Confederate soldiers were found assembled in the parlor; all, like the writer, wending their way homewards with saddened hearts, after the surrender of General Johnston's army. Instead of the bright faces, the humorous story, and the merry laugh usually met with among Confederate soldiers when enjoying the comforts of civil life, now, a moody silence was preserved, and a dark, sorrowful, despairing look was visible on every countenance.

Some were returning to their homes, with frames shattered by disease contracted in the arduous service of the soldier; others with an empty sleeve, sadly recalling some deadly combat where they had shed their blood for their country; others with the dark shadow of a "lost cause" settled upon their brows, and a sickening despair about their hearts that would let no ray of light fall upon their future pathway in life. They had looked with such confidence for the success of their cause, that its sudden and complete overthrow crushed them as if the "everlasting hills" had toppled over and buried them beneath their ruins. They looked for nothing but death, or degradation worse than death, at the hands of their enemies.

Soon supper was served, and, shortly afterward, the wearied men sought their couches, seeking in sleep to drown those sorrows which would return with renewed force on the morrow. As I was making my way to my bed chamber, escorted by my hospitable host, he informed me that a soldier had arrived early in the evening, who seemed so sick and feeble that he had advised him to retire at once to bed, and had sent for a physician, who had come and prescribed for him. My host asked me if I would object to sleeping in the sick man's room, in order to administer his medicine during the night. I assented.

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to his request at once, and was conducted into a chamber, where I found a man (apparently young) lying on a bed. He lay there as motionless as a log, with no sign of life about him, save in his eyes, which glistened like those of a wild beast.

I approached the sick man, and asked him if I could do anything for him, adding that I would remain in the room all night and attend to his wants. After glaring at me some moments in silence, suddenly, with the swiftness of a thunderbolt, he launched himself at me, seized me by the throat with a grip that nothing but death seemed able to unloose, and threw me to the floor. So sudden was the attack that at first my hands seemed paralyzed, and I made no resistance. Then, that all-pervading instinct of self-preservation rose within me, and I struggled with all my power to loosen his grasp. In this I was assisted by my host, and our united efforts finally succeeded in overpowering the man, and in throwing him back upon his bed.

In order to prevent any further outbreak, we tied his hands and feet, and finally fastened him to the bedstead. Our host then went for some one to assist me, and also to send for the doctor. Meantime, the sick man lay groaning and muttering incoherent words, at times breaking forth into frenzied shrieks that made my very blood shiver.

As soon as my assistant entered the room, by our united efforts we managed to force down the throat of the sick man the medicine that had been prescribed for him. We then sat down by the bedside, and held the poor fellow down, while, with the strength of a maniac, he made frequent attempts to break his cords and throw us from him. Our host soon returned, and united his efforts with ours. A single lamp in the room threw its dim light upon the haggard countenance of the sick man, and enabled us to read in each other's face the feeling of horror and helplessness which filled our minds. At times he seemed to think he was surrounded by his loved ones at home, and would implore them in the most heartrending manner to help him. Again, he seemed to imagine himself in the hands of his enemies, and his appeals for mercy would have touched the heart of the most brutal tyrant. Then, again, he would cry out, "They've shot me," and he would send forth such a piercing shriek that all in the house rushed to the door.

Amid this terrible scene we remained, till at last we were relieved by the sound of footsteps, and soon the doctor came into the room. He at once administered the most powerful medicines in order to relieve the patient. Nothing, however, seemed to have any effect upon him. Alternate groans, appeals for mercy, and shrieks for help, came

forth from his now-foaming lips, and chilled the hearts of his helpless listeners.

I have witnessed death in every form ; I have seen the frame, shattered by disease, give back its spirit to its Creator ; I have seen man in the pride of life struck down by paralysis ; I have been on many a battle field, where the cries of the wounded filled the air, and where many a brave man was breathing his last gasp, and giving a last lingering glance upon earthly things ; but never in my pilgrimage on earth have I seen a poor mortal suffering such torments as the one who was lying before me.

Through the livelong night we stood by his bedside, and did what we could to ease his suffering body. No medicine had any effect on him, and, finally, just as the cold, gray dawn was sending its pale light through the windows, his wearied, struggling spirit left its mortal tenement and returned to its Maker.

Being a minister of the Gospel (I had occupied the position of chaplain in the Confederate army), my host requested me to remain at his house and perform the last sad services over the remains of the deceased. I willingly agreed to this request.

Accordingly, on the following day, the funeral procession wended its way to a neighboring country church-yard, where a grave had been prepared. It was a quiet and lonely spot, fit for the resting-place of the dead. In a grove, and nestling among the hills, stood an old, stone church, built in the colonial time. Its walls and even roof were almost hidden by the dense foliage of ivy which clung to it on all sides. Around it stood many trees, among which were most observant the poplar, the elm, and the weeping willow, which bent so lovingly over the graves. Beneath was a soft, velvety turf, rising into a mound here and there, where the dead were resting from their earthly labors, and waiting for the call of their Maker. No costly monuments were seen, but around and over these mounds loving hands had planted flowers, whose perfume filled the air.

Through the graveyard a brook wound its way, bending its course here and there, as if to avoid the spots where friends had deposited their dear ones. Its babbling notes, as it coursed over the pebbles, were re-echoed by the surrounding hills, and broke upon the solemn stillness with a melody that might have charmed even the angel-watchers the dead.

As I gazed upon this scene, adorned with all the charms of spring, and displayed in all its beauty by the bright rays of an April sun, I prayed God that my earthly remains might repose in a spot like this.

Wending its way through the iron gateway, our little procession slowly passed. Soon "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" and the dull strokes upon the coffin-lid smote the ears like no other sound upon earth. Then the grave was filled up, the board placed to mark the spot, and we turned back, our souls filled with sadness by the solemn scene.

When we reached Mr. Johnson's house (for such was the name of my host), he requested me to examine the effects of the deceased, and to advise him what to do with them. The examination occupied but a short time, as the portable property of no Confederate soldier would have enticed even the paltriest thief. A blanket, a change of clothing, a pistol, and a horse completed the list of his property. I advised Mr. Johnson to take charge of these until some relative of the deceased should appear and claim them.

In the pocket of the coat we found a diary, which, upon examination, I told my host I would keep, but would send it back to him if at any future time the effects of the deceased should be claimed. Giving him my future address, I left his house the following morning, and, after some days' travel, reached my home. As nothing has since been heard from Mr. Johnson, I am led to think that the grave of the deceased still remains in the quiet church-yard, unhallowed by the tear of affection.

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ONE day Miss L., the daughter of a solid farmer, went to the barn to milk the only cow that the ravages of war had left. What was her surprise to find a Yankee soldier engaged in milking Old Brindle.

"I want that milk for my mother's child," said she.

"My mother's child wants it, too," was the ready reply.

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THE Seventy-sixth regiment didn't have the best of reputations for gallantry, though there were plenty of brave men in its ranks. Miss C., who had a lover in a rival regiment, was one evening at a war party, speaking slightly of the Seventy-sixth. "I wish," said a loyal corporal of the same, "you would quit running my regiment down." "You better make it stop running itself down first," said Miss C.

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A FAVORITE PAPER.—We have not noticed that any of the magazines announces a list of contributors approaching in ability, reputation, and power to interest and instruct, that which *The Youth's Companion* announces of writers actually engaged for 1885. This year it offered \$3,000 in prizes for good short stories. It secured not only the stories, but many new writers whose work will be hereafter utilized. And the price, only \$1.75 a year, will cover a subscription from now until the close of the year 1885. Sample copies are mailed free by the publishers, Perry Mason & Co., Boston.

[For the BIVOAC.]

## UNCLE GEORGE A PRISONER.



ATHER sent me, the other day, to go to Uncle George's cabin to get him to come and trim some apple trees. I found him in a little patch above the house. He was busy stopping hog-holes in his picket fence.

"Can you come over some time this week?" said I, after giving the message.

"Dis week?" said he. "To be sho'. I'se gwine now. Work's powerful sca'ce and meat accordin'. Jes' wait a bit, till I gits my saw."

In a few minutes we started down the rough ridge-road, and got to talking.

"Uncle George," said I, "you never told me what happened to Smith Johnson in that cavalry fight, nor where you went to from the house you staid all night at. Maybe you hired out to the man for awhile."

"To tell de truf, hunny, der wuz some talk about my settin' in with de man fur a spell, for I was kinder wored out. He 'lowed dat Dobbin and his roan would make a good plow team. Dat remark sorter brought me to my senses, fur I had purty nigh dun and forgot Dobbin was horried. So, sez I, 'Dobbin mite get stole,' Ses he, 'I ken put him whar he'll be as safe as a rat in a wall.' 'Whar?' ses I. 'Come along and I'll show you,' ses he. Well, I follered him, and, if you believe me, he went strait into de kitchen, which was on de underground floor like. Ses I, 'Dis ain't de way to de stable, isn't it?' 'Yes, but it is,' said he, and he went to what 'peared like a lot of shelves, an' guv a stomp, and open seesum! de shelves swung around, and dar was a place in de wall big enough for a hoss to go frou."

"He must have been a robber or something."

"I doan' like sich doin's, but I didn't say nuffin', only jes' waited for him to stomp agin. Ses he, 'Take a look at my stable.' I took a peep, and dar, sho' enuff, war a hoss and a cow tied up eatin' fodder. Ses I, 'It's fust class. Dey'll never sot eyes on Dobbin in dis place.' 'Of course dey won't,' ses he, 'fotch in your critter.' Well, I got Dobbin to de doah and over de sill; den he tuk de stubs and went on as eff he tho't the stove was a cannyon. But I knowed him. I jes' gethered up a cabbage stock, and guv him a taste, and de reskel walked in like a little man.

"Arter Dobbin wuz put away I kinder felt good, and sot down by de

kitchen fiah to rest myself and steady. One of de chillun guv me sum salt and a turnip and gin to pester me with kestions about General Lee. You niver seed sich funny little folks. 'How big is he?' sed a yaller-haired chick. Ses I, 'He ain't very big.' 'Sho nuff?' ses she, putien' her han' on my knee. 'Naw,' ses I, 'He ain't as big as your daddy.' 'How dues he fip the Yankees so den?' ses she. 'Case he's smart and steddies the business,' ses I, and we kep' a-talkin on. De mammy, she wuz a-hearn, all de time peelin' taters. Wuntz and while she put in. 'I wish he'd git arter this pesky Sherdan,' ses she, 'and stop his burnin' barns and stealin' folks' critters and things.' 'Spec he'll 'tend to him soon,' ses I, 'and when he duz he won't leave nary grease spot to tell de tale.' With dat dey all grinned and things wur so pleasant like dat I gin to spec dey wouldn't las'. Sho' 'nuff all to wuntz de doah flew open and in busted de head of the family. 'Yankees,' ses he, his two eyes shinin' same as tin plates."

"Were the Yankees coming?"

"Comin! Dey had arrove. Sich anudder hustlin' aroun' you never seed of folks and furnishure. The shelveys opened and the knife and spoon, taters and turnips got clear out o' site afore you could say 'Jack Robinson.' I wur a-lookin' ebery minnit for de flo' to guv 'way and de hole family to sink into a hidin'-place, when frou de doah rid a Yankee a-settin' on his hoss."

"Didn't he scare you?"

"Skeer which? Clar to grashus, I had got so 'customed to onusual 'pearances dat nuffin short of a yerthquik could a-made me bat an eye. Ses Mr. Yank, 'Hello, rebs, stirr yourselves now and git a warm brekfust fur de captin and his staff.' De hed of de famly stepped out and ses, 'We haint got a bite to eat in de house, nor meal nor nuffin.' De sargint, for dat was his dergree, ses, turnin' aroun' to a man sort ahine him, 'I say, Jake, is you got yer matches. Reckon you better begin on de barn."

"Were they really going to burn the barn?"

"I doan know for sho', but I seen plenty barns of which dar want nuffin' but ashes. But de ole woman she guv in when dey talked of burnin' and said she would fix up a nice meal. Jes den de sergent ses: 'Why, hyears a countryband! come out of dis, my colored troop.' I sorter tuk root fur awhile, but it warn't no good, and 'lyin on de Taylor family manners, I walked out de doah. No sooner outside, dan de sergent ses:

"What are you doing in our lines with dis rebel, anyhow?' screwing his left eye like to charm de truf out of me. I wur flustered, for a

fac', and was jis on de pint of tellin' my story when I seen cumin' roun' de cow-house anodder Mr. Yank, leadin' a hoss, wid a wounded Federate on it. Sakes, alive! It war Smith Johnson, white as a sheet, wid his hed all bandidged up. Dat minnit I seen it all. How de spunky boy had been fitin' and fell off his hoss and was tuk prisoner. And I knowed eff dey carried him to de pen it was boun' to be de las' of him. I ain't nuffin' but a niggah, hunny, but I sot my mine on sarchin' for a plan of gittin' him off, of which I pinto to be nuther cheated nor skeered out of, noways. It cum over me like a flash, but it cum to stay. Ses I, 'Ain't you Masser Lincoln's men?' 'Mity rite we are,' dey ses.

" 'De jubilee am come,' ses I; 'glory, glory, git along to glory,' and I jes cavorted aroun' dem hosses same as crazy Jim. 'Hasn't I ben awaitin' for you? Didn't I dodge in de bushes a month a tryin' to spy you out, and only las' nite was tuk in hyear?'

" Purty soon I got aroun' to whar de prisoner was. 'Why, Uncle George,' ses he, 'is that you?' I puts my hand on my mouth and winked, jes so, and ses I, out loud: 'Doan' you go to unkelin' me. I ain't none of your uncle nor ant, nuther, sir. I'm a 'spectable citizen of the Union, sir, by de family name of Taylor, and I doan know as ever I clapped eyes on you afore.'"

"How could you tell such a story?"

"Jes case I couldn't think of a bigger one. De size of it didn't bother me a bit, dough Massa Robert allers brung me up to tell de truf. Why, hunny, I'd up'd and tole a million, to keep dat boy from Camp Chase. Hadn't I dun and promised his mammy?"

"What did Smith Johnson say?"

"At fust he jes rard back like he war struck by lightning, but when he seen me wink agin, ses he, to de sargint, 'These blamed niggers are as much alike as a lot of black sheep, anyways. How is a man to tell 'em apart.' 'No we ain't, nuther,' ses I, makin' pretense, you know, like I was mad. 'Doan you call me black sheep agin, either,' ses I, ashakin' my fist at him. 'I'se good as most now Lincum sodger, and won't take no insult from a rebel.' 'Bully for you, conterband,' ses one of de guard, 'put it on and rub it in.'"

"Were you tryin' to pick a fight with him?"

"Tryin' to pick nuffin, dough it mite a cum close onter it ef a hos-sifer hadn't jes' den rid up and ses: 'What's this black raskel jawin' about?' He was de lieutenant in comman', and you better believe I was pizen glad to see him. De sergent tole him dat me was a conterband jes' cum from de lions. 'The very thing,' ses he: 'step this

way, my man ;' and he took me roun' de corner of de cow-house and axed me nigh onter a thousand kestions, a-watchin' me like he was most sho I wuz lyin'. I had to make up as I went along, and cum mity nigh gittin' cotched more 'n wunzt. When I tole him how I wuz a runaway, which I wuzn't, ses he : " Did you go near enny of de rebel camps ? " ' Got rite in among 'em, boss ; dey wuz spread so thick. Power of reinforcements rollin' in. ' ' Is that so ? ' ses he. ' Yes, sah, ' ses I ; ' de arth is jes' gray wid 'em. ' He stops and steddies a spell ; den he calls de sargent, and pooty soon we wuz all makin' tracks from dem diggins. "

" Didn't they suspect you at all ? "

" I wuzn't gwine to let 'em, dough wunzt de sargent looked at me, funny like, when Tige bounced up and wagged his tail at me. But I soon let Tige know, with a kick, dat he were a 'plete stranger to me. "

" Did you walk all the way ? "

" I did most till I ketched up wid er ramberlance, which de driver let me ride in de res' of de way back to camp. I seen dar lots of darkies enjoyin' demselves, and caperin' aroun' fussy as crickets. It wuz : ' Howdeedo, Mr. Taylor ; glad to see you in de lan' of freedom, ' and all dat. To tell de truf, it didn't worry me a bit, and I mite a staid if it hadn't bin for de wounded boy, a-pinin' away in de guard-house. "

" What was your plan to get him away ? "

" Dat wuz de trouble. I didn't have none and was jes a-studyin' and a-waitin for sumpthin' to turn up, dough I soon diskiverd dat nuffin was gwine to happen to suit if I didn't do a little to fotch it about. While I was a-settin' steddyyin' on a lug de sargent he rid up. Ses he, ' Ole hoss, you got to earn yer grub, so it's de calculation for you to drive one of de teams. Cum aroun' sometime this mornin' and see the quartermaster. ' ' Yes, sah, ' ses I, feelin' same as a man jis struck wid a maul. ' What's de matter with you, ' ses he, ' do you hear. ' ' To be sho, ' ses I, cummin' to, ' but, boss, I won't suit. If you's got an ox team I mite make out to drive a little, but I doan know nuffin about hosses, and as to mules, I am rite down afeard of 'em. ' ' O, you'll soon learn, ' ses he. ' Its onpossible, captin, ' ses I, ' my mammy and daddy wuz de same way. Cookin's my perfeshun, and if you love vittils warm and good you'd hev a prize in me. ' ' Why, you are de very man, ' ses he, ' for our mess. You Virginy niggers all know how to cook. Come rite along. ' Hadn't mo'en got to his fiah afore he sed, ' Be smart and get us a meal, my company's got marchin' orders. ' Thinks I, ' if you doan' go de rite way my company's got marchin' "



orders, too.' Presently ses I, stirring de fiah, 'Is yer gwine to give de rebs anudder turn.' 'Naw,' ses he, lightin' his pipe, 'we got to take de prisoners back to Winchester.'

"You better believe I slipped aroun' lively after dat remark. I gin 'em a stanchin good dinner, too, if I did save de best piece of de pork stake for de prisoner. We started back wid de prisoners 'bout sundown, me a-settin' alongside de rambulance driver, and both a-bringin' up de tail of de purcession. Dark ketched us in a ugly-lookin' piece of woods as ever you seed. Well, sir, I kep' a-steddyin' on a plan."

"Why didn't you sneak ahead and fire into the guard."

"And get us bof killed. I turned over a site of things but didn't think of sich a fool one as dat wunzt. When an onus man has a hole lot to 'tend with he is gwine to 'pend on hed-work, so I kept a-steddyin'. I seen de driver was powerful skeery. Ses I, 'Hope de gorillars won't pop in on us.' Ses he, 'Do they kill the drivers they ketch?' Ses I, 'Dat's what dey tell me.' Ses he, 'De debbils.' Ses I, 'Don't say dem words so loud, like as not we is a passin some of 'em now a-standin' ahine de trees.' Pretty soon he was all over in a trimble. Ses I, 'De bery best thing to do is to jump and run at de berry first gun' ———. Clare for graceous, dere comes your pa now, tell you all about it next time."

CHIP.

#### SKIRMISH LINE.

ANECDOTES OF STONEWALL JACKSON.—The following anecdotes of Stonewall Jackson are related by one of his old soldiers:

Upon one occasion I was assigned to the arduous duty of guarding a corn-field. The day was fine, and, albeit, the roasting-ear crop was at its most tempting stage, there were few, if any, marauders, because it lay near Stonewall's headquarters. Taking advantage of the quiet, I had seated myself on the ground and having unscrewed the lock of my gun, was busily engaged in greasing it and burnishing the barrel. Presently I heard the tramp of a horse behind me. Looking back I saw Stonewall approaching, and at once knew that I was in danger of being arrested and punished for neglect of duty. It was too late to resume the position of a sentinel and give Jackson the customary salute. He never overlooked an offense when clearly brought to his notice. So I determined to remain where I was and act as if I was not on duty, but merely engaged in cleaning and brightening my piece. I pretended not to see Jackson till he nearly rode over me, when I turned suddenly around and touched my hat without rising. He returned the salute, without pausing to make inquiries, and rode on. His face showed that he divined my purpose and forgave me, because I showed some ambition about the appearance of my gun.

In the early part of the war, I was on picket duty on the Maryland side of the Potomac, near the bridge at Harper's Ferry. At that time a kind of an armistice existed. The trains on the Baltimore & Ohio were allowed to pass provided they halted at the bridge and permitted a guard to go through them. My instructions were, when the train rounded the curve, to wave my gun three times at the engineer, and if he did not slacken speed to shoot at him and throw an obstacle across the track. The orders struck me as being so absurd, that once, upon being relieved by a raw youth, I explained to him that he was to wave his gun three times at the engineer, and, if the train did not slow up, he was to shoot the engineer and throw himself across the track. He replied with emphasis, that he would do no "such — thing." Upon being reprimanded by the corporal, the proper instructions were given.

About the third day after the assignment to this duty, Stonewall arrived and took command of the troops at Harper's Ferry. At midnight, while on post, some men on horseback from the Virginia side appeared, who proved to be Jackson and some members of his staff, going the grand rounds. The general halted and asked me a great many questions. After inquiring how I would challenge cavalry, going into the minutest particulars, he asked what my instructions were. Upon being told, to my surprise, he did not laugh; but asked me, in the gravest way, if I had settled upon the obstruction to be thrown across the track. Thinking he still was joking, I replied that it was my intention to sling upon it a railroad bar, lying near, (which it took four men to carry). He asked me then on which side of the track it would be my aim to throw the train. As the mountain was on one side and the canal and river on the other. I quickly answered, "into the river, of course." He seemed to be highly satisfied and went away leaving the impression that the new commander was a crank.

Private C. had lived in the North before the days of secession, and was well posted as to the wealth of that section in the sinews of war. "We can never whip 'em," was the unvarying conclusion he arrived at after summing up the pros and cons. Rooted in the belief that the North was bound to win, he, early in the struggle, made up his mind not to be food for powder. Pride and poverty kept him to the scratch, but his expedients in dodging danger were always successful. Upon one occasion, in the second day's fight of the Wilderness, he found himself cornered. The dismounted men, of which he was one, had to bear the brunt of a heavy assault, the mounted brigade having been driven off the field. There was plenty of trees, but front and flank fire made it impossible for one to be on two sides of a tree at the same time. The situation was embarrassing. Just then a man was wounded near by, and the officer in command told a soldier to take him to the rear. "Let me go, Major," said C., "I ain't worth a cent here; that other fellow is of some account?" "All right," said the Major, and C. took off the wounded man. As the war went on it became more difficult to dodge. At last C., reduced to despair and cursing the obstinacy of the Confederate leaders, deliberately rode over to the enemy, about a month before the surrender. "C., why in the world did you desert after sticking it out nearly four years?" asked a comrade after peace came. "Oh, I got tired waitin' for the end, and then I thought 'a live dog was better than a dead lion.'"

## Editorial.

THE new broom at Washington does not sweep clean, but it is a good one for all that. It is handled with nerve and intelligence, and is doing honest work. What matters it if the strokes of reform are aimed at the *outs* rather than the *ins*, there is no other way to extirpate the spoils system. The mercenary character of the standing army of officials threatens an evil, for which there is no remedy but genuine civil service reform.

THE old trail to the White House through the halls of Congress will not be so much traveled as of old. It must give away to the new path blazed out by Mr. Cleveland. Few appreciate the blessings conferred by the daring explorer. Chief among them is the effect upon our ambitious young man. He will cogitate upon the discovery, and turning his eagle eye inward, will not be near so apt to find a soul athirst for forensic eloquence. The solitude of the garret and the unfrequented woods will miss his Ciceronian swell, and he will begin to see something ennobling in attending promptly to the small duties of the hour.

### ARE WE GLAD WE WERE WHIPPED?

"Although we who fought to *preserve* the Union of the States, and the supremacy of the National Government, don't believe in *rewarding* men who did the opposite, yet we respect and honor brave men, the majority of whom, to-day, I believe are *glad* they did not succeed. I think the friendly meeting of Union and Confederate soldiers on the battle-fields, and the joint camp-fires of the *blue* and *gray*, will do more to cement this into one strong, mighty nation than all the legislation of politicians.

"I enclose you an account of the battle of Fort Steadman, Virginia, March 25, 1865. I would like very much to get the account from some of the *brave* men *who* captured the fort from us and who were in turn re-captured by us later in the morning."

J. G. STEVENSON,

New Castle, Pa.

The above extract, taken from the letter of an ex-Union soldier, is an average specimen of many received by the BIVOUAC. It is a fair exponent of the views of the liberal wing of the G. A. R., and goes about as far as the most sanguine could expect. The kind feeling is

warmly reciprocated, but the frank expression of opinion imposes a response fully as open and straightforward. Sincerity, therefore, constrains us to say that, while the ex-Confederate daily grows in goodwill towards his former foes, it can hardly be said of him that he is glad he "was whipped." Though he be convinced that the good of the country was promoted by the defeat of the Confederacy, he is not yet so purified by calamity as to rejoice in a result that was obtained at the expense of his personal fortune. And then, the proof is by no means conclusive, that civilization was advanced by the forced annexation of the Confederate States.

Oneness of government assures peace, and, perhaps, lessens the cost of civil liberty. It opens, too, the channels of trade, and gives an impetus to production. But, what, if at the same time, it leaves fewer avenues for honorable ambition and does away with the motives for intellectual achievement. Colossal governments, without an aristocracy of birth, are sure to have one of money-bags. When the doors of honor open to gold alone, genius and virtue pine away and die.

The triumphs of Grecian art and philosophy were gained when Hellenic supremacy was divided.

The war which unified it under Doric thought, with Sparta as the head, stopped the wheel of intellectual progress. Roman history teaches the same lesson. The despotism of the Roman idea brought in imperialism and stamped out all originality of thought that is fostered by difference in climate and civil surroundings. The boon of peace and social order was deemed a fair return for the loss of liberty, and the paths of avarice and honor became one and the same. Imperial power had extinguished genius and public virtue, but they again reappeared long afterward on Italian soil. Their birth and growth were due to the same old conditions. The bracing air of the rival independent cities of northern Italy was necessary to quicken them into life. Is there any assurance, then, that the way the war ended was best for humanity? The freeing of the blacks may turn out to be a step forward, but the upshot of that is still far to seek. Emancipation has certainly made more enduring the color line, and hence tends to increase the alienation of the two races which represent at once the most energetic and the most sluggish branches of the human family. If the influence of the whites is expected to work for the elevation of the blacks, how can that which tends to lessen the mutual contact help the inferior race? For one reason the South rejoices that emancipation won the fight, and that is because they are relieved from a heavy responsibility. But few believe that the negro is capable of self-government,

and how can they be glad that a debauching factor has been introduced into the politics of the country. One good thing the war did and that alone is, perhaps, a full compensation for the ruin it brought: It is that it made the men of both sections better acquainted, and laid the foundation for a more fraternal republic.

## SOLDIERS' RECORD.

T. F. RUFF was born in Atala county, Mississippi, April 9, 1844; enlisted as private in Ninth Louisiana regiment, June, 1861, and surrendered at Appomattox; was with his command in the following battles: Front Royal, Middletown, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Second Winchester, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Gaines' Cross-roads; was with Early from Richmond to Lynchburg, and at Monacy, Maryland, and in raid near Washington; wounded at Port Republic; in hospital at Staunton from wound, at Richmond and Lynchburg from sickness; captured in skirmish near Lewisburg, July 16, 1864, and sent to Elmira, New York. He is now a farmer and painter at Liberty Hill, Louisiana.

J. H. WHITE was born in Williamson county, Tennessee, on May 8, 1840. On May 28, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Twentieth regiment of Tennessee infantry; was with his command in the following battles: Rockcastle, Fishing creek, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Murfreesboro, Hoover's Gap, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Dallas, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree creek, and Atlanta; was wounded at Atlanta, July 22, 1864; surrendered as lieutenant May 22d, at Macon, Georgia, and was paroled. He is now a merchant at Franklin, Tennessee.

J. H. BEMISS was born in Nelson county, Kentucky, June 5, 1842; enlisted as private in the Eighth Kentucky, August, 1861; was with his command in the battles of New Madrid (Mo.), bombardment of Island Number Ten, Balser's creek, Paducah (Ky.), Harrisburg (Miss.); he was shot through the abdomen and through the hip, at Selma, Alabama. April 2, 1865; surrendered as first lieutenant, April 2, 1865. He is now living at Rodney, Mississippi.

GEO. B. GUILD was born at Gallatin, Tennessee, April 8, 1834; enlisted in Fourth Tennessee cavalry, 1862; was promoted to adjutant of regiment in 1863; participated in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, all of the battles of the Georgia campaign; Saltville (Va.); the march to the sea; Fayetteville, Averyboro, Bentonville (N. C.); was acting adjutant-general of Harrison's brigade at the date of surrender, in May, 1865. Is now an attorney-at-law, in Nashville, Tennessee.

JOHN C. RIETTI was born in New York city, August 17, 1842; enlisted as private in Company "A," Tenth Mississippi regiment, March 26, 1861; surrendered as first sergeant April 26, 1865; elected lieutenant in July, 1864, but failed to pass examination; was with his command in the following battles: Fort Pickens, Pensacola, Shiloh, Munfordville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga,

Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, and Nashville; present for duty at surrender of Johnston's army; was never wounded during four years' service, nor missed a single battle; never saw the inside of a hospital, and was never on the sick list. His brother, David C. Rietti, has the same record; both together in the same company, and came out without a scratch. Occupation, printer.

CHAS. L. DAVIS was born in Greenbrier county, West Virginia, in 1840; enlisted April, 1861; was orderly sergeant in Twenty-seventh Virginia, Stonewall brigade, till February, 1863, and surrendered as captain and acting quartermaster April 28, 1865; was with his command in the following battles: Seven-days' fight around Richmond, 1862; Shenandoah Mountain, Cedar (Slaughter) Mountain, Second Manassas, and Oxhill; was in hospital at Winchester and Staunton, Virginia. Is now a farmer at Foot Spring, Greenbrier county, West Virginia.

JOHN U. TERRILL was born August 23, 1843, in Jefferson county, West Virginia; enlisted in Confederate army, June, 1861; private in Second Virginia infantry, Stonewall Jackson's brigade; was transferred private to Company "B," Twelfth Virginia cavalry, Rosser's brigade, March, 1862; surrendered private in Twelfth Virginia cavalry, at the close of the war in April, 1865. He was in the First Manassas and afterwards in cavalry, in all or nearly all the battles, skirmishes, advances, and retreats of his command until the close of the war; was never wounded or prisoner of war; he returned home after the war, and went to farming in Jefferson county, West Virginia, where he died November 15, 1878.

W. C. WOLFF was born at Charleston, South Carolina, June 20, 1831; enlisted as private in Third Texas cavalry May, 1861; was with his command in the following battles: Oak Hill (Mo.), Iuka (Miss.), Van Dorn's raid on Holly Springs (Miss.), Thompson's Station (Tenn.), the Georgia campaign, from Rome (Ga.), to Lovejoy, Hood's Tennessee campaign; was slightly wounded at Rome, Georgia, but was never captured; surrendered as orderly sergeant in May, 1865; is now a lawyer at Dallas, Texas.

NEWTON CAMRON was born in Williamson county, Tennessee, June 14, 1846; he enlisted as a private in the Eleventh Tennessee cavalry in June, 1862; was with his command in the battles of Thompson's Station, Murfreesboro, Chittanooga, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Strawberry Plains, Bull's Gap, Dandridge, Resaca, Adairsville, New Hope Church, and also was with Longstreet in East Tennessee; surrendered as first sergeant on May 12, 1865. He is now a merchant at Franklin, Tennessee.

#### A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

*The times have been hard, and through the winter we have avoided vexing our subscribers with duns. We are now sending by mail bills to all delinquents. To these prompt reply is requested. Those who, for any reason, can not pay will please let us know. Those who can, will confer a favor by remitting at once. In any event, please make immediate answer.*



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### Judge

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### Lynch

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### Saved and

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### Happy

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## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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Ladies and gentlemen living at a distance from the large cities, and wishing to make purchases in the city, will save trouble and expense by sending their orders to me. Having had much experience, I am prepared to attend promptly and carefully to all orders in the following lines of goods: Dry Goods, Millinery, Jewelry, Silver (plated or solid), Books, Bric-a-Brac, Wedding and Holiday Gifts; also for furnishing houses—Wall Papers, Decorations, or anything required in the household or carriage house. I can have costumes made for ladies or children in the latest and most approved styles. Wedding outfits, infants' wardrobes, and baby buggies. Suits for gentlemen selected with great care, or made to order, if desired, by the most fashionable tailors; prices, and any information desired, will be cheerfully given on receipt of postage. ADDRESS, MRS. H. C. FORMAN, 1415 West Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky. REFERENCES: Rev. T. E. Converse, editor *Christian Observer*, Louisville; Rev. E. W. Bedinger, Anchorage, Ky.; Rev. J. H. Moore, pastor Third Presbyterian Church, Louisville; Dr. Frank C. Wilson, and editors of ELECTRA. Shopping for Schools a specialty.

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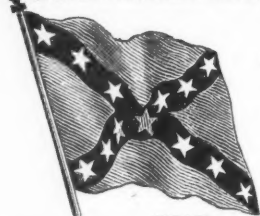
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\$2.00

Per Year.

20 cents

Single Copy.

ESTABLISHED  
1862.

THE  
**CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' ORGAN**  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT LOUISVILLE, KY.

Its subscribers are the Planters, Farmers, and live business men of the South.

It goes into the families of its patrons, where it is preserved as no other publication, because it contains the history of their times and country, with which themselves, their relatives, and friends have been identified.

Its truthfulness, candor and fairness, has made it equally popular with those who wore the Blue, as well as those who wore the Gray.

PUBLISHERS BIVOUAC.

## THE ELECTRA.

VOLUME III.

At Home and Abroad, Vol. VI.

The Ladies' Pearl, Vol. XVIII.

The ELECTRA in opening Volume III, offers the consolidated circulation of *At Home and Abroad*, and *Ladies' Pearl*. The combination of these three journals in one, gives the ELECTRA pre-eminence as a Southern literary periodical. Our largest circulation is now in the Central and South-western States, Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, having each five or six hundred subscribers, while Missouri, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, etc., are not far behind. But we have constituents in every State and Territory in the United States, and are establishing local and general agents everywhere. One of the editors has recently made an extended tour in the North-west, establishing agencies, local and general, in Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, and Illinois, from whom we hope for rich rewards in the near future.

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One-half Page, \$14 00 one insertion, \$120 00 a year.

The Electra and Bivouac are the leading magazines of their character in the South, and are both well established, and have weight and influence with their patrons. Having made an arrangement by which the advertisements of each appear in both, they jointly offer a medium to advertisers never equalled, by which to reach a general class of Southern consumers and merchants. We choose carefully our advertisers, and publish no advertisements which we do not believe to be from good and reliable parties. We hope thus to make the ELECTRA and BIVOUAC the safest, surest, and best advertising mediums in the land, both for the purchasers and the advertisers. If any house advertising with us does not give fully the promised goods, we will be glad to be informed of the fact, and we will immediately stop such an advertisement, and notify our readers accordingly. We can now cordially commend all our advertisers to the readers of the ELECTRA and BIVOUAC. As to their joint circulation, they publish beneath, the sworn certificate of the Courier-Journal Job Printing Co., the printers of both magazines.

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# JOB PRINTING CO.,

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BY USING OUTFITS OF

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machinery can compete with

steam power. **Sold on trial.**

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# O.I.C! WHAT IS IT? FAMOSA

The Popular  
Fragrant Dentifrice.

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 26, 1878:

I take pleasure in indorsing your celebrated "FAMOSA TOOTH WASH," as my wife and I have given it a full trial and find it a very delightful article for the toilet, and in every way worthy of the praise bestowed upon it.

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I regard the "FAMOSA TOOTH WASH" as the safest, best and most elegant dentifrice in use. I am conversant with the formula, and therefore can testify that it contains nothing injurious to the enamel of the teeth and by virtue of its superior detergent and healing properties, and the pleasant aromatic odor it imparts to the breath, I believe it should be used by all who desire sound gums, white teeth and a clean sweet mouth.

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I take pleasure in stating that I have used the "FAMOSA TOOTH WASH" for the last four years, and regard it as the best and most pleasant dentifrice I have ever tried, and would not willingly exchange it for any other, or be without it.

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Treas. Louisville Water Co.

FAMOSA CHEMICAL CO., Makers, Louisville.

ARTHUR PETER & CO., Wholesale Agents.

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For Catalogues, &c., address the Adjutant.

LIEUT. F. S. STRONG.

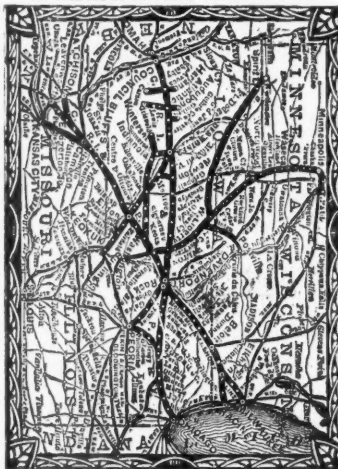
Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., Orchard Lake, Mich.

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LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.  
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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palaces Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

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A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

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**Makes Purchases of Every Description**  
 For LADIES, GENTLEMEN, and HOUSE-FURNISHING, at Five Per Cent. Commission.

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Corner Fifth and Walnut,

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**W. N. HALDEMAN, President of the great Louisville Courier-Journal Co.,**  
 tells what he knows of

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*Dr. Wintersmith,*

Sir: I waive a rule I have observed for many years, the value of your remedy prompting me to say, in reply to your request, what I know of your Chill Cure. The private assurances of its efficacy I had, and the good results of its effects I had observed on Mr. R. W. Meredith, who, for more than fifteen years, has been foreman of my office, induced me to test it in my family. The results have been entirely satisfactory. The first case was of two years' standing, in which I believe every known remedy had been tried with temporary relief—the chills returning periodically and seemingly with increased severity. Your cure broke them once, and there has been no recurrence of them for more than six months. The other case was of a milder form, and yielded more readily to other remedies; but the chills would return at intervals, until your medicine was used, since which time, now several months, they have entirely disappeared. From the opportunity I have had to judge, I do not hesitate to express my belief that your Chill Cure is a valuable specific, and performs all you promise for it.

Very respectfully,

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(ENTRANCE FROM THIRD ST.)

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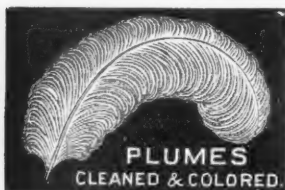
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Musical Cabinets, Combination Organs,

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either crank or pedal.

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Catalogues Free.



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DIRECT IMPORTATION OF

# DRY GOODS,

Silks, Laces, Embroideries,

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